YANK

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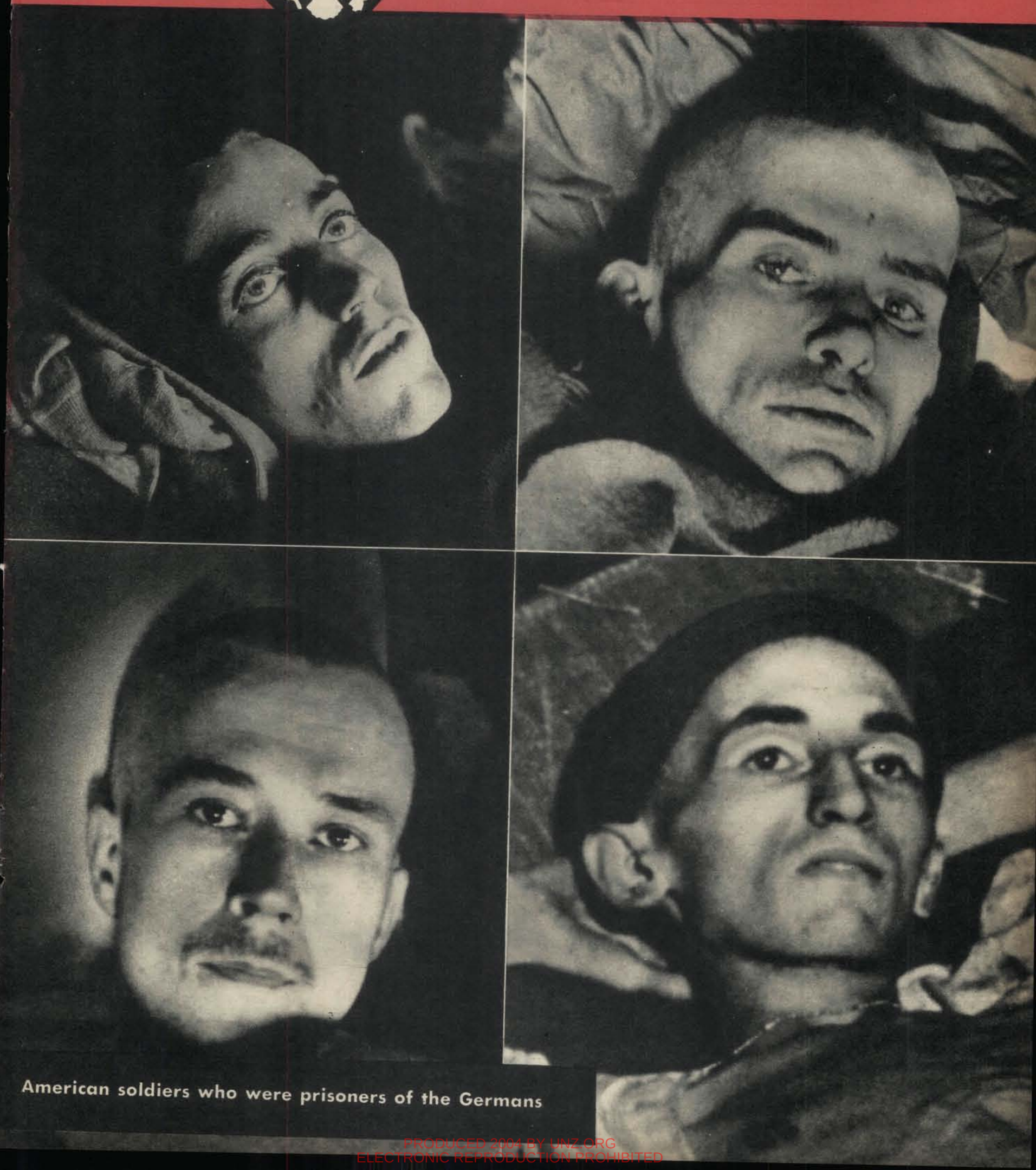
By the men . . . for the men in the service



American soldiers who were prisoners of the Germans

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GERMAN ATROCITIES

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These white staring corpses are only a few of 2,500 dead political prisoners found at a compound near Nordhausen. AMG officers forced German civilians to bury them.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 104TH DIVISION, GERMANY—The MP sergeant was apologetic. He said he was sorry but there was no other transportation.

"I'll have to send you all back to Corps headquarters in a six-by-six. Best I can do. The truck'll be ready right after chow. Rations are short because the supply lines are fouled up, but we'll make supper as good as we can."

Two or three of the 12 soldiers sitting around the room laughed.

"We're kinda used to short rations by now," one of them said.

"Yes," the soldier on the sofa next to him said, "the Germans never spread any banquets our way."

"I know that," MP Sgt. Ray Bunt of Lafayette, La., said. "That's what gripes hell out of me every day when I have to feed these Kraut prisoners. Because of the Geneva Convention or some goddam thing, I have to give those bastards a C-ration at 9 in the morning and another at 4 in the afternoon. Besides that, they can have all the water they want."

A GI who was still wearing a German camouflaged rain cape got in the conversation. "The Germans who had us never bothered about the Geneva Convention," he said. "They walked us two days and nights without food after they took us at St. Vith. The only water we had was what we could get in the ditches when the snow melted."

That started the rest of the stories.

Sitting there in the parlor of a German home which had been requisitioned as an MP billet, a dozen Yanks who had been released from a German PW cage when the 104th Division overran it told what had happened to them during their captivity.

THE dean of the prisoners had spent two years and eight months in a PW camp. He had been captured in August 1942 and had been shot in the ankle and thigh by a German sniper just before he was taken prisoner. Despite his wounds, the Germans made him walk 12 miles to a prison camp without giving him medical attention.

After a week in a French prison, he and 1,500 other Allied prisoners were herded into French 40-and-8 cars and taken to Stalag 8-B at Lamsdorf in Ober Silesia. The rations for each man on the four days and four nights' train ride were a loaf of bread, a third of a tin of meat and a quarter pound of margarine.

"When we got to Lamsdorf," the dean of the prisoners said, "they put us in a compound by ourselves. We couldn't have any contact with the

This is what the Germans did to one soldier, an American, imprisoned at Limburg.

MOST of us were brought up to be suspicious of "atrocity stories." Our suspicion carried over into this war, and we were, some of us, wary and unbelieving when we heard the first stories of Nazi concentration camps. Until after the invasion of France we weren't very close to the fact of Nazi terror and the strange names of the camps —Dachau, Lublin, Buchenwald—and the foreign, to us, names of the victims made it all a little unreal.

Now American soldiers have opened some of these sores of Hitler's *Reich*. They have freed concentration camps and prison camps and have found starvation and murder and torture applied as Nazi weapons to American prisoners of war with the same ruthless violence with which they have long been applied to Germany's slave laborers of "lesser races." GIs have seen wrecked bodies that once belonged to good American names like Smith and Jones and Johnston, have seen starved hulks of men with faces like skulls who used to take the New York subway to work in civilian life or plow a field in Missouri or lie on the beach in California.

The 90th Infantry Division moved into Flossenberg, Germany and found a concentration camp where 12,500 prisoners had been slaughtered since 1938—almost enough prisoners to make up a full-strength infantry division. SS guards, retreating before the Americans, from Thekla, Germany, burned 300 prisoners alive because they could not take them with them. At Struthof, France, GIs found a model concentration camp. "It might have been a Civilian Conservation Corps camp," said the New York *Times* correspondent. It had a spotless crematorium for burning bodies, and hooks, like in a butcher shop, to hold the bodies before burning.

The list goes on and on. At the Oswiecm camp near Erfurt, Germany, 3,500,000 Jews were killed. At Buchenwald, Germany, 50,000 prisoners were killed. At Nordhausen, Germany, 2,700 Allied and political prisoners were killed. At Gardelegen, Germany, 1,100 prisoners were killed by suffocation and fire. You can go on counting for some time. The full list isn't in yet and won't be till long after the war.

GEN. Dwight D. Eisenhower is used to war and the death and dirt that goes with it. But visiting these liberated death camps so moved him that he requested a committee of Allied and neutral journalists and statesmen to visit some of the camps in person, to see the horror with their own eyes while the marks of the horror were fresh. On these pages YANK presents first-hand reports by our own reporters who have been with U. S. troops as they went into some of these concentration and extermination camps and have spoken with U.S. soldiers who have experienced what it means to be prisoners of the Germans

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other Allied prisoners. There were 400 men in a hut and each hut was built to hold only 200. Just to make sure we weren't too comfortable, they tied our hands with binder twine from 8 in the morning until 8 at night. Later they used handcuffs instead of twine. That went on for a whole year. Sometimes some of the boys managed to slip out of their bonds but if they were caught they got five days of solitary confinement in a bunker with no food at all."

Despite temperatures that dropped to 10 and 20 below zero, the Germans made no effort to heat the prisoners' barracks. Men had to sleep in their clothes with their overcoats for blankets. Many of them suffered frozen feet and fingers. Later some of these frozen feet and fingers had to be amputated by Allied military doctors in the prison.

"The food at Lamsdorf was terrible," the soldier said. "They gave us a loaf of bread for seven men and it was usually green with mold. Sometimes we'd get about a quart of watery soup made from the water the Germans boiled their own potatoes in, with a few cabbage leaves thrown in to make it look like soup. I lost about 50 pounds in my two years and five months there."

Along with 8,000 other Allied prisoners at Lamsdorf, he was evacuated from the Silesian prison camp on January 23, 1945, because the Russian Army had advanced to within five miles. All the men who were able to walk were forced to do so. A few invalid prisoners went by freight.

"They put me on a train, but some of the other boys who had frozen feet and hands never made it. Their guards clubbed them with rifles and left them lying there along the roadside in the snow and zero weather when they dropped out because of bad feet. God knows what happened to them."

"THE bastards did the same thing to our guys," another GI said. "They beat them with rifle butts when they couldn't walk any further. And if any of the stronger ones tried to help a guy they saw was getting weak, the guards clubbed them too. Besides that, they egged on German kids in the towns we went through to throw stones at us."

This man, an infantryman from the 14th Armored Division, was captured at Bitche on January 2, during the German break-through in Belgium and Luxembourg. Along with 200 other Americans, he was loaded on a freight train and sent to eastern Germany. They had neither food nor water on the trip, which took four days and five nights. Their overcoats, blankets, field jackets and shoes were taken away from them, together with their watches and other personal belongings.

"We licked the ice on the hinges of the box car for water," he said. "There were 60 or 70 of us in each car with no blankets or warm clothes or even straw to sleep on. And just to make sure we didn't get any sleep, German guards stopped outside our car several times a night and fired a couple of rounds in on us. They weren't trying to hit us, because they always fired high, but they kept us awake, so we wouldn't have energy to try to escape."

Returning to the earlier days of his capture, he told us how all his clothes had been taken from him at a Leipzig hospital. Although he had a fever of 103, he was put on a train in mid-February for a two-day ride to another camp, his only clothing being a half a blanket. During the trip both his feet were frozen.

"I spent three of my four months as a prisoner in a hospital," he said. "I lost 60 pounds and was down to 90 pounds once, but I gained a lot of it back later. It was mostly from dysentery. Nearly everybody in camps had it because they never let us wash the pots we had to eat out of. They didn't let us wash ourselves much either. I went for seven weeks without a bath once. Sometimes lice worried us more than whatever we were sick from.

"Besides that, when we were locked in cars, the men with dysentery would have to go in the corner because the German guards wouldn't give us any pails or pots to use. Then, in the morning, the guards would come around and call us 'dirty Yankee swine.' But the worst part of it all was that they wouldn't give our medics any medicine or supplies to treat us with. And the German doctors ordered sick prisoners to work over the protests of American medical officers who had been treating them."

"The sons of bitches," the MP sergeant said.

A medic, who was one of the 12 ex-prisoners, got in the conversation then. He was a medic of the 101st Airborne Division and he had been captured at Bastogne, on December 19, 1945.

"They not only wouldn't give us medical supplies," he said, "they even took our own away from us. After they captured us, they made us turn over our kits and left us nothing to treat wounded and sick prisoners with. I had a ball of adhesive tape, a pack of morphine syrettes and some bandages in my pants which I used later on our boys, but they didn't last very long.

"They marched us from Bastogne to Coblenz in zero weather and with two and three feet of snow on the ground. I saw guys who dropped out along the road clubbed on their bare tails with the butts of rifles by their guards. At Gerolstein they made 60 of our boys clean out buildings which had just been bombed by our planes and which were still burning. While they were working, the guards kicked them, hit them over the heads with pitchforks and then turned the fire hose on them, spraying them with water that froze their clothes on them.

"They marched us seven days, then gave us two days rest and started us off again. Finally, they put us in box cars for a five-day ride to Stalag 2-A, about 85 miles north of Berlin. From December 19 until January 3, when we reached the Stalag, the total food given each of us 600 prisoners was two cups of *ersatz* coffee, a sixth of a loaf of bread and two cups of barley soup. That's all. It wasn't much for a two-week trip, most of it on foot."

After six days at Stalag 2-A, his group was put on freight trains for a ride back to another camp. There he worked in a prison hospital, treating American patients.

"They would only give us some straw and two blankets for the sick and wounded prisoners," he said. "That was their bed and bedclothes, even though the temperature often got down around zero. Then they forbade us to use bedpans for patients and ordered that all the patients had to go to the toilet themselves. Some of the guys were just too weak to do it and the guards finally let us help them to the latrines."

"That's right," another one interrupted. "He must have carried me to the latrine at least a dozen times besides helping me to a shelter during air raids."

ANOTHER MP came in the room and told Sgt. Bunt that chow was ready. One of the ex-prisoners asked, "Do we have to line up in fives and count off, sergeant?"

"You fellows are finished with that kinda orders," Bunt replied in his soft Louisiana drawl. "After chow a truck'll take you back to Corps and they'll pass you back to Army. Army'll probably ship you to England. Hell, you'll all probably be back in the States this time next month."

"They're the sweetest words I've heard in months," one said.

"You can say that again," the GI in the camouflaged German rain cape said. "Think of it. The States in a month, maybe."

"I've been thinking of it," said the prisoner for two years and eight months, who hadn't seen his wife and daughter since May 25 1941.

BUCHENWALD CAMP

BUCHENWALD, GERMANY—At Buchenwald concentration camp I saw bake ovens. Instead of being used to bake bread, they were used to destroy people. They were in a most efficient cellar equipped at its door with a sliding board down which victims could be slipped to eventual destruction.

There were various stories about how the victims were knocked out before they were "baked," and I saw one club which was undoubtedly used for that purpose. There was also a table where gold fillings were removed from the teeth of skulls.

There were long steel stretchers on which the prisoners, often still alive, were rolled into the stinking heat of the ovens. I don't know how far German efficiency went, but I'm sure the heat from so much good coke and so many tons of sizzling flesh could not have been wasted. Perhaps it was circulated through asbestos pipes to warm the quarters of the SS guards.

The Germans were not complete beasts about their bake ovens. They had an inspiring four-line stanza painted on a signboard in the cellar. The stanza explains that man does not want his body to be eaten by worms and insects: he prefers the purifying oblivion of flame.

Before purification the prisoners lived in barrackslike structures about 200 feet long. On either side of the buildings are four layers of shelves about five feet deep and three feet apart. Two-by-fours, spaced five feet apart, cut these building-long shelves into compartments. The final compartment is about five feet wide, five feet deep, two or three feet high.

In each of these compartments, the Germans put six men—or seven when, as was normal, the camp was crowded. And, remarkably enough, there is room for six or seven men. After all, a man whose thighs are no bigger around than my forearm doesn't take up much room.

The stench of such a place became something to dread on a hot spring afternoon. Vomit and urine and feces and foul breath and rotting bodies mingled their odors—the smell of 1,500 men in a single room half again or at most twice as long as one of our model barracks back home—barracks which today are housing many German PWs.

THIS camp is a thing that has to be seen to be believed, and even then the charred skulls and pelvic bones in the furnaces seem too enormous a crime to be accepted fully. It can't mean that they actually put human beings—some of them alive—into these furnaces and destroyed them like this.

But it means just that.

The camp used to be well guarded to keep the townspeople away, but they couldn't have lived in ignorance or innocence of what was going on here. Many of the prisoners worked in the nearby Weimar factories. They collapsed of hunger at their benches and no one asked why. They died along the road on the long walk back to camp and no one expressed surprise. The good citizens of Weimar shut their eyes and their ears and their nostrils to the sight and the sound and the smell of this place.

—Cpl. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

OHRDRUF CAMP

OHRDRUF, GERMANY—The tankmen of Combat Command A, 4th Armored Division, had taken this town two days before. Prisoners in Concentration Camp North (Stalag III)—those who were too weak or too sick to travel—had been killed the day before the doughs rolled in. The cold had preserved their bodies and deadened the stench so that you could walk around them and inspect them at fairly close range.

There were 31 bodies piled in one place and more than that tumbled together on top of each other in a nearby shack—65 in all. Some of the bodies were clothed in rags and some were completely naked. One body was that of an American soldier, and the few survivors pointed him out. Blood had caked the ground around the bodies into pancakes of red mud.

All the peoples of Europe were represented here among the survivors and the dead evidence of German efficiency. The Americans who went through the camp looked quietly at the dead and spoke softly to the living.

Col. Hayden Sears of Boston, Mass., CO of Combat Command A, said little as he looked around on the second day. The third day he assembled the leading citizens of Ohrdruf and took them to visit the camp of death.

The leading citizens were very much ashamed of what their fellow Germans had done. "This is the work of only 1 percent of the German Army," said one of them. "You should not blame the rest."

Col. Sears spoke to them through an interpreter.

"Tell them they have been brought here to see with their own eyes what is reprehensible by any human standard," he said. "Tell them we hold the whole German nation responsible because of its support and toleration of the Nazi Government.

"Tell them so long as this kind of thing goes on, we must consider the German people our enemy."

—Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

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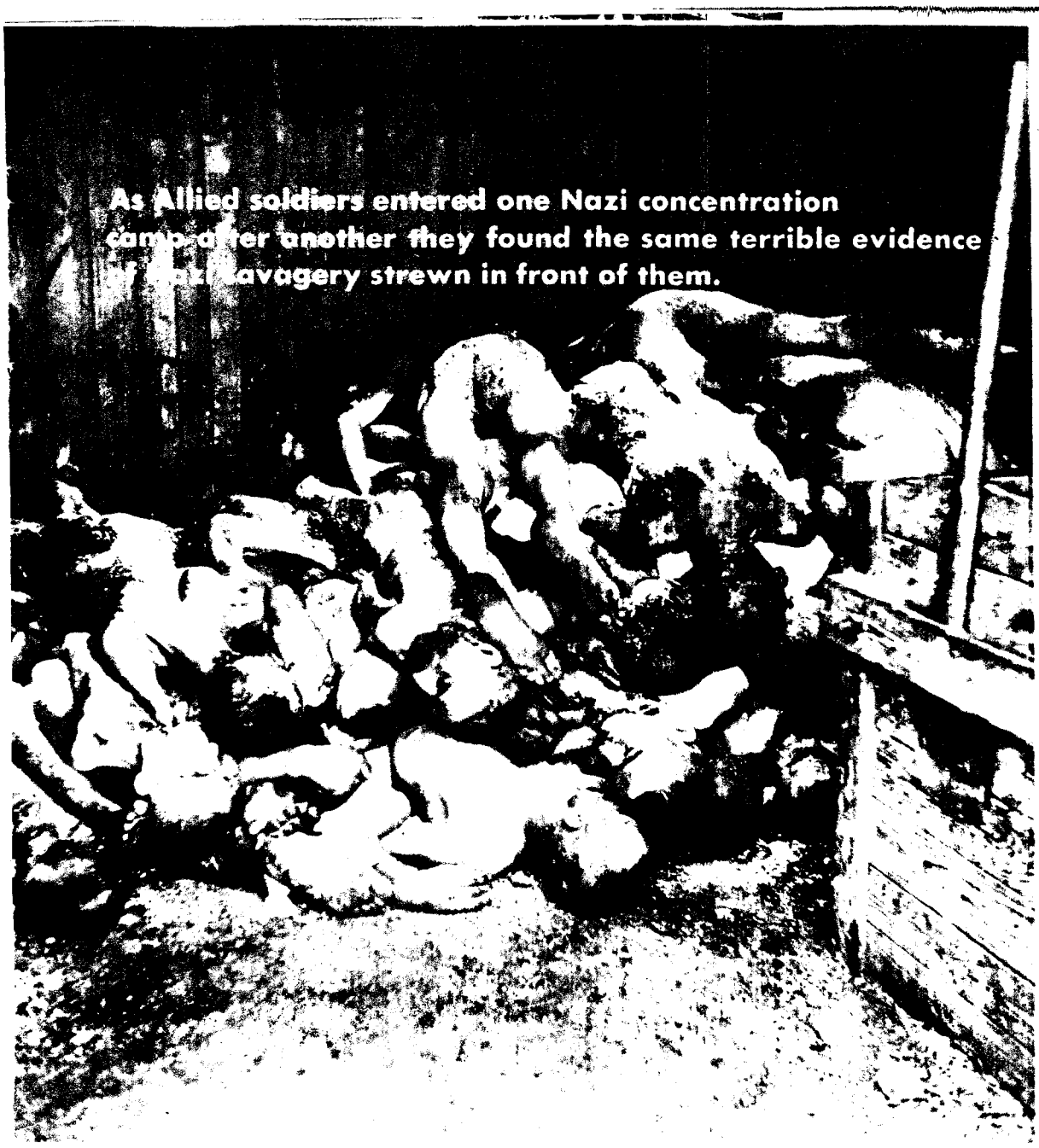
As Allied soldiers entered one Nazi concentration camp after another they found the same terrible evidence of Nazi savagery strewn in front of them.

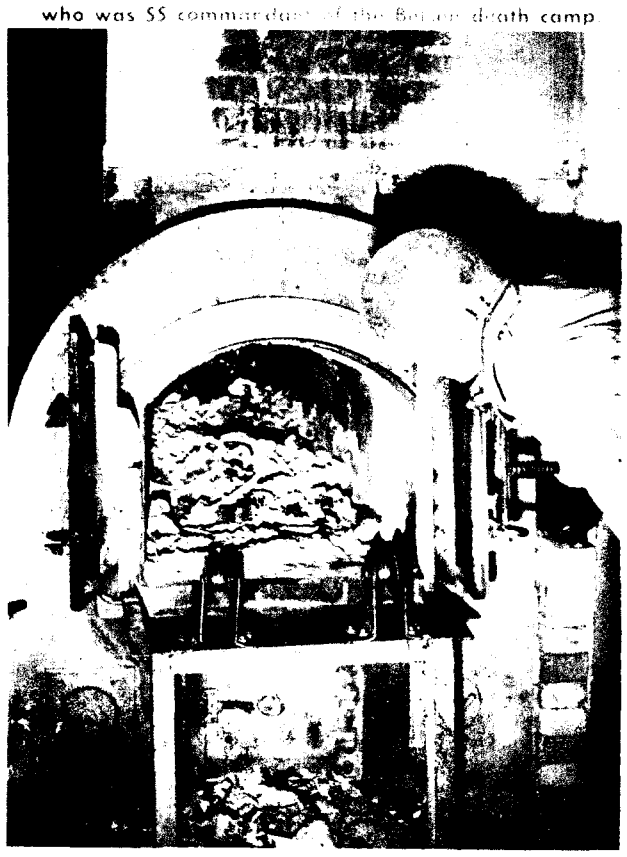


At the Ohrdruf concentration camp [illegible] were piled high in a shed and [illegible] over with lime

Row after row of corpses covered the ground inside the Nordhausen concentration camp. First Army men who captured the camp said that there were 3,000 to 4,000 inmates of a half dozen nationalities

German civilians from Weimar were forced to look at a truckload of corpses in the Buchenwald camp

This criminal with chained feet is Josef Kramer, who was SS commandant of the Belsen death camp



In one year 9,000 political prisoners were cremated in this oven at a camp in the Kohnstein Mountains

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Yanks at Home Abroad

SAD SACK RHYTHM. YANK's famous cartoon character gets another beating, this time from Sgt. Charles Liggett, drummer in an enlisted men's recreation band at an ATC base of the India-China Division.

U.S. FA vs. Nazi Navy

WITH THE 87th INFANTRY DIVISION IN GERMANY—A Field Artillery Battery firing on navy ships sounds like a hydrant squirting a dog, but during the push to the Rhine one of this division's FA battalions was credited with sinking three steamships and two barges on the river.

A Cub pilot even reported seeing a periscope move down the Rhine, and now doughs are waiting for a Grasshopper pilot to come up with the old "Sighted sub, sank same."

—Sgt. ROBERT McBRINN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Surrender on a Platter

WITH THE 30TH INFANTRY DIVISION IN MAGDEBURG—Doughs of the 30th Division have taken lots of prisoners and plenty of ground in their time, but when the German garrison of an Elbe River island called Werder tried to surrender the place they couldn't get any takers.

At the moment it was the mission of I Company, 3d Battalion, 125th Regiment, to sit tight in a warehouse OP on the west bank of the Elbe until another company arrived to take over. Upstairs in the warehouse there was nice soft grain to stretch out on and downstairs there were cases of fancy sardines and cognac to admire. No wonder Capt. Charles R. Shaw of Salem, W. Va., and his men were not particularly enthused when they saw a white flag waving on the island a hundred yards out in the river. Nobody budged, and presently a little boat with another white flag put out for the west bank from the island.

The five Jerries in the boat told the beach patrol that the entire garrison of 90 men would surrender to an American occupying force, but the Yanks would have to come quick because somebody had squealed and reinforcements were on their way to force the garrison to fight. But I Company was still sitting this one out. If the Germans wanted to surrender, German-speaking T/Sgt. Hubert Rushmeier of Plato, Minn., told them, they could come across in boats, but nobody wanted their old island.

Leaving three hostages, two Jerries returned to Werder and began a shuttle process lasting until 85 *Wehrmacht* soldiers had surrendered. The five lone hold-outs on the island were, surprisingly, *Volkssturm* troops.

"Why don't you take the island?" the Germans kept urging Rushmeier. They were a little perplexed that the usually fast-moving Americans had so much lead in their tails.

By the time the shuttling was over, I Company's orders to pull back had come through, and back they went, taking their prisoners with them but leaving Werder to its gallant defenders.

—Sgt. ALLAN B. ECKER
YANK Staff Correspondent

Treasure Hunting

ZAMBOANGA, MINDANAO—Digging Japs out of caves and tunnels is a grim business, but there is one compensation. You never know what else you'll find. Sometimes there are dividends to make up for all the trouble.

The biggest surprise found by GIs mopping up here was a cache of 160 cases of prime *sake*, which tasted something like a fine old sherry. In another cave was a 35-mm motion picture camera in a case stamped "Nippon Newsreels." In still another cave stacked high with signal equipment were two portable 35-mm projectors with complete sound equipment and 50 reels of film. But the find of the campaign was a pile of five American flags which some Japs had been using as bedding. The flags had been taken from Zamboanga's Petit Barracks, and they will fly there again.

—Cpl. JOHN McLEOD
YANK Staff Correspondent

Letter of the Law

EAST OF THE RHINE—Looting is officially described as "taking of any nonmilitary equipment for a nonmilitary purpose" but aside from that general guidepost there are few directives for troops advancing into Germany. There is one soldier who is a little worried about violating the law, so he's being careful how he operates.

He happens to be a cook and No. 1 boy for a battalion captain. It is his job to look after the captain, and he thinks the captain, who's a little guy, needs something more substantial to build him up than "them lousy K-rations." Like chickens, for instance.

Just to be sure he isn't looting, he is not taking the chickens from the Germans but buying them, nice and legal. He pays for them with 20,000- and 1,000,000-mark notes he found in a captured Jerry CP.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Surprise Party

PANAMA—Every foot-slogging infantryman in 1st Sgt. Robert Jeffcott's outfit at APO 828 is sure of a birthday cake on his anniversary, but he is never sure what he will find in it.

For instance, when S/Sgt. Ingvald Skavlen, the company carpenter, surveyed his cake he found a replica of a hammer done in beautiful frosting by the company baker, Pfc. Everett Mead. When Skavlen started to cut the cake he found some genuine nails inside, hygienically wrapped in waxed paper, of course.

—Cpl. RICHARD W. DOUGLASS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Beer Bounty for Japs

THE PHILIPPINES—The subject of Japanese PWs is generally a touchy one with the men of the Infantry, who have more reason than anyone else to believe the only good Jap is a dead one. Still, PWs have their uses, and in order to get some the 32d Division on the Villa Verde Trail resorted to a new kind of psychological warfare.

The psychology involved was of a practical nature and wasn't directed at the Japs. Any GI who brought in a Jap, reasonably alive and capable of talking, was rewarded with a case of beer and a three-day pass.

—Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Platoon leader Pfc. Trombly orders his Iranian ducks into a smart execution of "half right."

Iran Ducks Go Garrison

IRAN—Watching a platoon of ducks (mallards and redheads, Persian variety) doing close-order drill twice a day under the direction of Pfc. Maurice N. Trombly of Springfield, Va., is one of the recreations of the Recreation Center in Teheran, where many GIs of the Persian Gulf Command take seven-day "rest furloughs."

About a month ago the Rec Center interpreter went to market for the GIs and bought 41 ducklings for the Iranian-money equivalent of $1 each. While being fattened up for the table, the ducks have led an active life and given many hours of entertainment to the hundreds of GIs who have watched them perform under Pfc. Trombly.

Trombly, who is in charge of utilities at the center, first clipped the wings of the birds to keep them from flying away. Then, to keep them from wandering from the vicinity of the pool in the center garden, he instituted a few GI regulations.

At first the ducks were pretty wild and balked at the regimentation, but Pfc. Trombly's drill bark, plus a string whip on the end of a stick, soon convinced them who was boss. They now do close-order drill on the water as well as on the ground. When Platoon Leader Trombly says, "Column left, waddle," or "Column left, paddle," he accents the order with a flick of the whip and the ducks get the idea. Drill periods are in the morning, about 1000 hours, and in midafternoon, when the birds are not in the mood to frolic.

Trombly was a machinist when he came into the Army. Now he says he is going to settle down as a poultryman when the war is over.

—T-5 RAY McGOVERN
YANK Staff Correspondent

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Letter From Moscow

Dear YANK:

I AM writing not only to complain of an article which you published in a February issue entitled Yanks in Russia, but to suggest that in the future you confirm the truth of the statements offered your apparently gullible correspondents *before* publication.

In the article I refer to, the author, a Sgt. Joe Lockard, quotes another sergeant by the name of Pipkin as saying, "We arrived in Moscow by airplane at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and were met at the field by some American officers driving limousines. I drew a major with a Cadillac."

OK, I'll stop there. In the first place, the U. S. Military Mission has no limousines at its disposal. The most luxurious cars available here are the two Buick Roadmasters belonging to Gens. Deane and Spalding. They aren't, on any occasion, sent to the airport to meet incoming sergeants. The only Cadillac I recall seeing during a year's residence in Moscow belongs to the Japanese Embassy. But to continue with the imaginative Sgt. Pipkin: "At 4 o'clock they picked us up for a sightseeing tour which included the War College and the School of Medicine, and we had a quick look inside of each with a Russian officer as guide. They are modern buildings, all right."

I would appreciate your informing the sergeant that although the Mission does attempt to furnish sightseeing trips *past* various points of interest, it has no authority to gain admission to such points for mere sergeants, nor does it attempt to do so for various reasons.

Throwing all caution to the winds, the exaggerating sergeant continues: "Then we drove back through Red Square and went into the Kremlin where the main government offices are located. Finally, we visited Stalin's country estate. What a beautiful layout he's got."

And what understatement our dear sergeant indulges in! For the first point, I know of only four very high-ranking officers in the United States Military Mission to Moscow who have ever been allowed inside the Kremlin. Even in peacetime it is difficult to gain admittance. I hardly think Sgt. Pipkin's background either in the Army or in his civilian life in the United States was so influential as to cause the Soviet Government to give him *carte blanche* to so closely guarded an area. As for his visiting Stalin's country estate, fortunately he was modest enough only to touch upon it, as he has, of course, never been there. Can you seriously picture some Russian, French or British sergeant being casually permitted to wander around the White House? Surely that alone would make you suspect the ridiculousness of the sergeant's statements.

But counting on the gullibility of the reading public, he continues: "We went back to the hotel for dinner, and then had a choice of the opera or the circus. I chose the opera. We were late in arriving and found that the performance had been held up 35 minutes for us and it didn't get going until after we were seated in our box."

It appears that the sergeant's own exalted opinion of himself places him in a class with Churchill, Molotov or Hull. For your, and his, edification, the performances at the Bolshoi Theater have never been, to my knowledge, "held up 35 minutes" for anyone under the rank of ambassador. And that happens rarely. The performances are often late, which might have been the case; and the sergeant, permitting his egotism to overcome him, misconstrued it as a subtle deference to his presence.

From the aforementioned, you can imagine the reaction the following few statements got from those of us stationed here in Moscow: "We came in [to Spaso, the Ambassador's residence] just as a diplomatic reception was commencing, and Miss Harriman invited us to meet the guests. All of a sudden I found myself getting a big handshake from Molotov, the Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and then from Marshal Rokossovski, who had been called to Moscow to be decorated. And from Ambassador Harriman, the British Ambassador, the Chinese Ambassador, the Soviet commissar of public health and lots of other Soviet and diplomatic big shots. I don't remember their names. I always did have trouble with those Russian names." We all wondered if the above-listed celebrities asked Sgt. Pipkin's opinion concerning the prosecution of the war.

And then: "Kathleen [Harriman] told us the dinner to follow the reception would get pretty dull, so we took off for town to see the Moscow night life." One does get so bored with Embassy dinners, doesn't one?

For Pipkin's information, Russian jazz orchestras (including the one at the Moscow Hotel where he claims to have been) play, among other American popular songs, such late numbers as "This is the Army, Mr. Jones," "Stardust" and even "Mairzie Doats," which I taught them.

And he raves on: "A Russian band plays American jazz at the Hotel Moscow, though, but it doesn't start until midnight and you need a card to get in. Kathleen had fixed us up. There were no other Americans there and, as we were the only couples dancing to this music, some gorgeous Russian girls began cutting in, wanting to dance 'American style.' Pretty soon the place was a madhouse, with lots of people dancing, and we were having ourselves a hell of a time." Confidentially, we roared. To begin the debunking, no card is necessary to get into the Moscow Hotel's restaurant. Anyone who has the rubles can go there—all of us stationed here have been there often. Secondly, I sincerely doubt his statement that "we were the only couples dancing." The Russians like to dance, so they do at every opportunity. The floor is quite as crowded as that of most restaurants back home that feature orchestras. And then: "Some gorgeous Russian girls began cutting in, wanting to dance American style.'" Russian girls *do not* cut in. Neither do Russian men. It is looked upon as bad taste by the Russians. The girls do not refuse to dance when asked, but they are not even so bold as to come to your table and ask you.

"I was in Moscow," he continues, "the night that Stalin's *Order of the Day* declared that the last German had been driven from Russian soil. I'll remember those victory salutes as long as I live. What a scene! Vodka galore and dancing everywhere in the streets. I'd give anything to be there the night the Russians get to Berlin!" Sgt. Pipkin, enthused by the power of his own imagination, undoubtedly never realized that we who are stationed here would ever read his article. He also doesn't realize that I, too, was in Moscow the night the last German was driven from Russian soil. I watched that salute, along with several who have encouraged me to write this, from the balcony of the National Hotel. Of course the people were happy, but the Russian expression of happiness definitely does not include dancing in the streets. There was none. The vodka was probably flowing right down Sgt. Pipkin's throat from a bottle he had purchased at the local *Gastronom*. Maybe that's where he got the illusion, or vision, of street dancing.

The sergeant's exalted opinion of himself seems to place him in a class with Churchill, Molotov or Hull.

We will probably still be here the night the Russians get to Berlin—at least we hope so. But we are all a bit grateful that the sergeant will not be with us. Our life here is pleasant and interesting, pleasant enough and interesting enough for us not to find it necessary to make such exaggerated statements about it.

We enlisted men of the U. S. Military Mission therefore request that you publish this letter so that persons who feel their imaginations are so much better than the truth will not, in the future, be tempted to make unnecessary exaggerations which will only serve to embarrass the magazine that puts them into print.

—T/Sgt. DAVID M. WHITE
U. S. Military Mission

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

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VETERAN'S BUSINESS LOAN

You don't just go to the bank and get money under the GI Bill. Requirements are exacting, but interest is low.

Breeden sells some cold cuts to a delicatessen proprietor.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

FALLS CHURCH, VA.—Jack Charley Breeden, an ex-torpedoman's mate first class in the Navy, was the nation's first veteran to get a business loan under the GI Bill of Rights. Getting it was quite an eye-opener for him.

"A lot of guys think they're gonna walk down the street and say, 'That's a good-looking gasoline station; I think I'll get the Government to buy it for me,' " Breeden says. "Well, it's not like that. They better get hot and look the act over. It's not a joke—I'll tell you that."

Breeden, whose rank was equivalent to tech sergeant, was helmsman on the destroyer *Philip* when she used to play tag nightly in the Solomon Islands' "Slot" with the bullying Jap task force known as the Tokyo Express. Later, on the same can, Breeden sweated out the D-Days at Vella Lavella, the Treasury Islands, Bougainville, Green Island, Saipan and Tinian. A case of stomach ulcers got him a medical discharge last December from the Anacostia Naval Station in Breeden's native city of Washington, D. C.

Home with his grandparents in nearby Falls Church, Va., Breeden decided to start a business of his own with the help of the GI Bill. He had heard that the Government would put up $2,000 to back up any veteran interested in setting up for himself. A boyhood pal, Roger E. Taylor, was also looking around for a business. Taylor had sold his car and his meat market because he thought he was going to be drafted; then he was classified 4-F.

Breeden and Taylor hit on the idea of buying their own refrigerated truck and carting meat from slaughterhouses to butchers in the Falls Church area. Breeden dropped around to the Lincoln Bank in Washington to inquire about a loan and then began to learn the facts of post-war life.

The Lincoln said it didn't know enough about the complex new GI law and suggested Breeden try a larger bank. So he went to the Hamilton National Bank a few blocks from the White House. James E. McGeary, the Hamilton's gray-haired fatherly credit manager, knew the set-up, and Breeden found himself answering the first of several hundred questions that McGeary and others put to him before the loan was arranged.

THE Government, it developed, will guarantee 50 percent of a bank's loan to a veteran to start a business, so long as the guaranty does not exceed $2,000. However, the bank must consider the business a good enough risk to sink 50 percent of its own money into the venture. Otherwise, the whole thing is off as far as the Government is concerned. Breeden quickly discovered that, even though a bank may wish to help a veteran, it does not like bad debts and wants, if possible, to avoid having to foreclose liens on collateral.

Breeden and Taylor had gone to the trouble beforehand of estimating their business prospects. Jack says that if he had been buying an established business, he would have looked over the books of the previous two years. But about all he and Taylor could do was line up a string of butchers in Fairfax and Arlington Counties and get them to agree to take the Breeden-Taylor wares. The partners-to-be had something concrete to show McGeary, and they were glad they had, because he seemed to think of everything.

First, McGeary wanted to know what experience Jack had had in the wholesale meat line.

Jack Breeden lugs beef into a butcher shop.

None, Breeden said; he had been a house painter, a sheet-metal worker, a plumber's helper and an ordnance worker. Taylor, on the other hand, had been in the meat business for years. McGeary said Taylor's experience would do for both.

Next, McGeary wanted to know whether the partners thought they could clear the purchase of a truck with the various Government bureaus concerned. That question sent Breeden on a tour of Federal and state agencies.

The Office of Defense Transportation heard his case and gave him a Certificate of War Necessity, carrying the required priority on a meat truck. The Office of Price Administration passed on his request for a gasoline allowance but not until after many more questions and answers.

At McGeary's direction, the Interstate Commerce Commission was next. The ICC was very helpful, explaining that Jack's prospective business could be interpreted in either of two ways. If he charged a butcher a flat rate of, say, $12 to pick up the butcher's meat at a slaughterhouse, Breeden would be running a truck for hire and would come under ICC regulations. Also, Breeden and his partner would have to pay a 2-percent Virginia state tax. If, however, Breeden were declared to be a wholesaler who bought the meat outright at the slaughterhouse and resold it to merchants at an increase of a couple of cents a pound, Jack would be considered a regular businessman and would be exempt from the hired truck rules and extra taxes.

Breeden warmly insisted that he belonged in the wholesale class. He pointed out that if some meat were stolen or went bad en route (an unlikely occurrence, to be sure) or if a side of beef rolled off and smashed a $12 case of eggs or a $5 luncheon loaf he—not his customer—would be stuck with the loss. The ICC saw eye to eye with him, and Breeden breathed easier. He had taken a big hurdle. That state tax would have eaten up much of the anticipated profits.

NOW the bank got down to brass tacks. At this point it had to decide whether Breeden had just a hazy idea or a well-planned enterprise.

How much business did Breeden expect to do the first year? Breeden still can't figure out how he managed to give an answer to that puzzler, but notes covering a couple of reams of paper finally produced a figure—$169,000.

How much of that did Breeden estimate would be profit? Jack said 4½ percent—$7,605.

How much income tax would Breeden have to pay on this still-imaginary business? What would his truck's operating expenses be? How much would gasoline cost him? Oil? Tires? Grease? Depreciation of the truck? Repairs? Linens? (In case you can't figure out the reason for that last item, remember that butchers wear white coats. Breeden's answer was that he estimated he and Taylor would shell out $4 a week for laundry.)

All the elements of chance had to be considered in the estimate. "Anything could happen," Breeden notes. "You could be shorted out of 2,000 pounds of meat in a single year. You could load wrong. You could leave a couple hanging you were supposed to get. It don't take long for that to add up." Leaving a couple hang, Breeden explains, means overlooking at the slaughterhouse a beef carcass the wholesaler has paid for. "You might figure wrong what it will dress," Breeden continues. "Sometimes it dresses 50 percent, sometimes 56, sometimes 48."

The wholesaler, it seems, must learn to figure out, while buying a carcass, how much salable meat will be left after parts such as the head, hoofs, hides and entrails have been discarded. "It takes two good men to pick up the insides of a steer," Breeden emphasizes. "That's all wasted."

But the bank had to have its estimate, and McGeary seemed satisfied with the one Breeden and Taylor produced. The banker admitted later that he knew virtually nothing about the meat business, but he said he liked the way Breeden and Taylor seemed to understand what a meat wholesaler is up against.

NEXT, McGeary wanted to know exactly how Jack planned to use the loan—to the penny. Breeden said the loan was needed mainly to buy the truck he and Taylor had to have to haul the meat. He said that a new Dodge truck chassis had been promised him by an automobile dealer and that he had also lined up an old refrigerated

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Jack Breeden, meat dealer, with the truck that he and his partner bought with the help of a veteran's loan.

truck body that was [illegible] ks in a Virginia field. Its owner [illegible] been in the same business but had quit two years ago to become local manager for a meat chain when problems of personnel and red points in his own business became too much for him. Jack figured $2,100 or $2,200 should get the truck.

That rough guess was not enough for McGeary. Breeden would have to itemize. He did. He wanted $600 for the refrigerated body, $1,422 for the chassis, $38.35 for power brakes that the automobile dealer would have to put on as an extra, $13 for helper springs, $9 for a windshield wiper on the right-hand side, $22 for clearance and directional lights and $75 cash to spray-paint the body and do some metal work on it.

Jack was sure he would forget something, or be off on some item, and he was. After the lights were installed, he was told the job would cost another $40. When the partners went to pay the $50.75 that was allowed in the loan for a wholesaler's license, the fellow in the license bureau said he was sorry but he had looked on the wrong line when Breeden came in to get the information for McGeary—the license was $100.75, not $50.75. Jack also forgot the $25 deposit he had to make on a telephone and the $15 monthly rent he had to pay for desk space in the cramped little office of Gibson's Service Station in Falls Church, where he set up headquarters. A stationery bill was overlooked too.

Just about all the forgotten expenses had to come out of funds which luckily Taylor had got from the untimely sale of his meat shop. Breeden thinks the GI Bill ought to allow at least a 10-percent margin for inaccurate advance estimates.

Breeden and Taylor needed from $800 to $1,500 to stock the truck with its first load—beef and small items like luncheon meat, bologna and eggs. They were told the GI Bill permits loans to cover the purchase of the stock of a going concern like a grocery store with food on its shelves but doesn't cover merchandise for a new business like their rolling wholesale meat market.

Some officials told the partners that this was doubtless an unintentional discrimination and probably indicated some haste in drafting the bill. But nothing could be done about it. Fortunately Taylor had enough from the sale of his store to swing the additional loan.

McGeary next told Breeden and Taylor to place their priority against the truck chassis and get a bill from the automobile dealer. The law requires that the loan cover a specific purchase—in this case, a specific truck whose year, model, make and engine serial number must all be listed, rather than just "a truck costing about $2,000" or something similar. The danger is that the dealer may sell the truck or what-have-you to someone else while the prospective purchaser is unraveling red tape.

As a matter of fact, Breeden was dogged by just that kind of trouble. When everything was set, he found he would have to wait 30 days for the specified chassis. The bank, however, got in touch with the Veterans' Administration and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and was able to get Breeden permission to take a Ford chassis instead at approximately the same price.

Now came the appraisal of the equipment to be purchased. The law requires that no veteran may pay more than the "reasonable normal value" of anything bought with a GI loan—the idea being both to protect the veteran from foolish spending and to head off inflation. After studying a catalogue of truck prices, McGeary declared that Breeden wasn't being overcharged. Later, as a double check, the OPA required Breeden and the automobile agency to sign a joint statement on the price Breeden paid.

McGeary then announced that the bank was satisfied that Breeden's plan was a good risk. But there was still quite a way to go.

Breeden was asked to produce a copy of his discharge. McGeary sent it to the Veterans' Administration. The discharge was not dishonorable, and it showed on its face that Breeden had served the required 90 days since the draft started in 1940. Then the Veterans' Administration wired its New York City office to ask whether Breeden had taken out any other Government-guaranteed loan.

A veteran is allowed a total of $2,000 credit for purchase of a home, business or farm and may split the $2,000 credit any way he chooses. Breeden had obtained no previous loans, so the bank received from the Veterans' Administration a "Certificate of Eligibility." That's the Government's go-ahead signal.

McGeary then put the Associated Credit Men of Washington on Breeden's trail to look into his reputation as a debtor. Like credit investigators in other cities, the Washington credit men keep files on most of the people in the District of Columbia. The files show whether residents ever reneged on bills in Capital stores, ever had any judgments placed against them, ever were sued, ever had their salary garnisheed or ever got mixed up in criminal activities. Luckily Breeden had always kept his accounts straight. The credit files produced nothing against him.

The credit agency also called its representative in Arlington, Va., where Jack has passed a lot of time. A regular question-and-answers form has been prepared for credit agencies seeking information about veterans who want to get GI loans. Telephone calls to Jack's neighbors and references brought in the answers. To "Subject's reputation as to character, habits, morals, honesty, fair dealing, and relations with neighbors," the investigator presently answered, "good."

Breeden was not disturbed by this investigation. "They're not going to lend money to a man who has beat everyone in Washington out of $50 or $60," he says.

The rather jolly chief of the credit association, who clearly enjoys his type of detective work, said the same thing. "A boy who went away owing everybody will have a tough time getting one of the loans," he remarked, "but boys who were decent and behaved themselves aren't going to have any trouble from the credit end." He gave Breeden an OK.

McGeary told Breeden to arrange for insurance on the truck. Since the vehicle would be collateral for the loan, the bank, not Breeden, was made the beneficiary of the policy. But McGeary said it was a good time for Jack to start handling such business matters.

The insurance firm Breeden picked out gave him the figure of $167.35. When the loan was finally granted, the bank handed Breeden a check for the insurance. It was made out to the insurance firm for $167.35. "That's how tight they are," Breeden says. "You aren't going to get away with a penny on this loan."

Now, at long last, the bank was satified. It shipped all the papers to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which, as the principal Federal lending agency, handles the approval of GI business loans for the Veterans' Administration.

"They have about 10 men down there who investigate these loans," Breeden says. "They tear the loan application all apart and put it together again. Then they tear it all apart again and put it back together a second time. They ask you all the questions you don't have the answers for."

The RFC people made it clear that they were not just a rubber stamp for the bank. Just because the bank was willing to risk its 50 percent was no assurance the Government was ready to guarantee the other half. The loans are set up so that if the veteran defaults on payments, the bank gets its half first out of the foreclosed collateral and the Government gets only what is left.

Breeden was sure no one could lose in his case. The loan came to $2,444, with the truck as collateral. After he finished his own work on the truck a couple of men appraised it informally at $2,700. Jack is sure he could get $3,000 in the present truck-scarce market if he tried.

Breeden's education was a matter of interest to the RFC men. He had got only as far as the third year among "the little generals" of Washington and Lee High School. Students at the Lexington (Va.) University named after Gens. Washington and Lee are called "the generals," according to Breeden; the high-school boys "the little generals." The RFC men finally agreed that three years of high school were enough for the type of business Jack planned, though it was pointed out that inadequate education or experience will probably block other loans. A man who has been a day laborer all his life would have trouble getting a loan to start a drug store.

Among all the papers was a secret and personal estimate McGeary had been required to make of Breeden's prospects. Evidently this secret estimate was pretty optimistic. "We felt satisfied from the information submitted that the two boys were making a start that had as favorable an outlook as was possible to determine," one of the RFC men said later. "Breeden knew reasonably well what the business was all about. He knew what he would have to contend with. The credit report showed reasonable resourcefulness. So we determined that there was a reasonable likelihood of success."

"Reasonableness" seems to be the yardstick.

The RFC got Jack to make sure that he would be able to obtain a supply of wholesale meat and then sent word that it was ready to see the loan go through. After checks had been sent to the automobile agency and all others involved in the loan, all the folding money Jack actually saw was $75 for the paint and metal work he did himself.

Jack's troubles were not over even after he had the loan. He and Taylor needed help for loading the beef carcasses at the slaughterhouse. Some weigh 400 to 500 pounds. A middle-aged veteran of the last war agreed to help them. Breeden quickly discovered that if his helper's pay ran above $12 a week, the new firm would have to reckon with the social-security withholding tax. Jack took one look at the big white Government booklet on social security and determined to make sure not to use the helper beyond the $12 mark. The booklet was full of charts that looked to Jack like logarithm tables and full of phrases like "unincorporated organization" and "reconciliation of quarterly returns." "I just looked at it and put it away," Jack says. "It was too much for me."

Joel Harris, manager of Gibson's Service Station, showed Jack how to set up books. Breeden was asked why he just didn't carry in his head the figures he needed. "The Income Tax Bureau doesn't like that at all," he laughed. "The Government doesn't like you carrying a business in your head."

Sometimes, as he sums up his experience, Breeden says bluntly: "They're not giving you a damn thing. They're not doing any more for you than

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a rich relative would. The Government's no more than an endorser of a note."

He insists at such times: "We had enough collateral to get a loan from anyone who made that kind of loan. There wasn't any risk involved, so far as I could see. A lot of people are not going to have the collateral we had." But Breeden observes at other times that even if the Government is little more than the endorser of a note that's something, because "people are funny about endorsing notes—you don't like to ask them."

He also has to concede that the GI loan does get you a lower rate of interest. His rate is 4 percent, the maximum permissible under the GI business-loan law. The GI arrangement also allows a longer term in which to repay a loan. Without the GI-loan provisions, Breeden might have had to pay a far higher interest rate, with only half as much time in which to complete repayment. As it is, he has two years to pay, in monthly installments of $105.82.

Even if beef were frozen, cutting off the partners' main item, Breeden and Taylor could hold the truck until after the war by getting jobs and meeting the comparatively small monthly payments. The Government will also pay the first year's interest, about a half-century note.

BREEDEN's impression that not every ex-GI is going to be able to meet all the conditions of the loan was readily verified by various banks. McGeary said he has been able to give loans to only about one-third of the veterans who have approached him, while one New York City bank has made loans to only nine out of 650. Of the nine, eight received regular business loans that had nothing to do with the GI Bill.

A veteran who has a job as a guard at the National Gallery of Art in Washington wanted to get back into the now-profitable taxicab field by buying a cab under the GI Bill and operating it in his spare time, gradually working back into full-time hacking. His request was turned down on the grounds that the law seems clearly meant to cover main-time business only.

Other veterans who have wanted to go into Washington hacking were refused because they would have to pay $500 or $600 to buy up another driver's license. That amount was not considered a "reasonable normal charge" by RFC officials.

Breeden has the impression that he has only about $800 Government credit left for purchase of a home or farm or for going back to school. The idea is that the Government guaranteed roughly $1,200 of the business loan, leaving him $800 credit out of the $2,000 mentioned in the GI Bill. Breeden is right about the first two ideas but wrong on the third, officials say. He can still have as much free education as if he had never taken out a business loan.

In fact, one official said that it is conceivable that a veteran could get $7,820 out of the GI Bill—52 weeks of unemployment benefits totaling $1,040; $500 tuition for four years, plus $675 cash each year to support him and his dependents while taking the free schooling; a $2,000 business loan and $80 interest paid for the first year on the loan. The catch is that, in order to get the $2,000 business loan as a cash benefit, the ex-GI would have to default on the entire amount and would be blackballed by credit agencies for the rest of his life.

THINGS are going "very well" with Breeden's business, he says. The first installment already has been paid back. "We couldn't make near as much working for someone else as we are working for ourselves, and the beauty of it is you're not taking orders from anyone else."

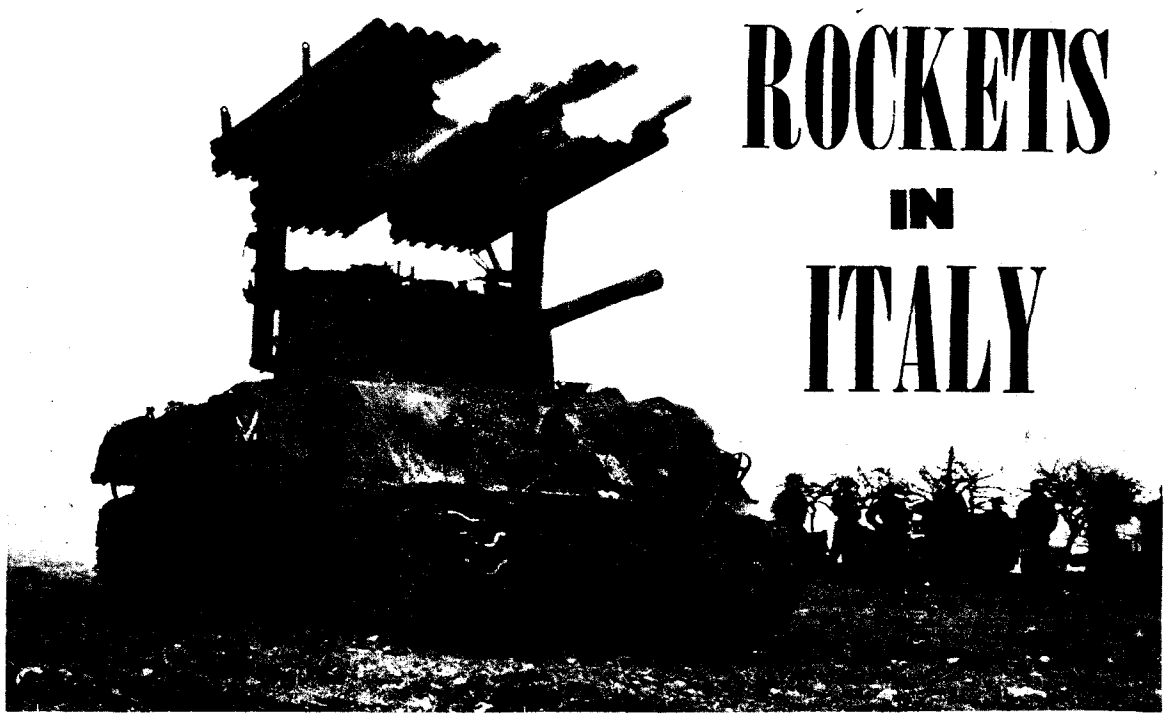
He has no illusions such as those of an Army captain who was overheard on a Washington street remarking in apparent seriousness: "I'm going across the street to get the $2,000 the Government owes me under the GI Bill."

"It's just a debt," Jack insists. "Just an honest debt you owe. If you wash out, the whole thing is not forgotten. It's a debt you'll have to pay some day."

He is quite cheerful about his prospects. "I know if you can make it with all the Government agencies you have to buck, you can sure as hell make it in peacetime. It is a good test to see if you can make it."

He is even glad about all the grilling he got. "If you're not a businessman before you start," says Breeden, "they sure will make you one before you finish."

ROCKETS IN ITALY



This multiple-rocket launcher for 4.5-inch rockets uses as its mount the chassis of an American M4 tank.

The Buck Rogers Platoon handles a 4.5 rocket launcher that looks like something out of 2045 A.D.

By Cpl. GEORGE BARRETT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY, ITALY—The MP steps from his sandbagged dugout and points to the shell-marked road that curves along the crest under Jerry's eyes. A jeep with the top down and windshield covered jerks sharply to avoid the holes. As you ride along you hear the muffled whoomph of our 105s echoing across the heights.

Jerry is quiet today. It is warm and the sun is bright. Parts of the road are sprinkled with water to keep the dust down, but along most stretches the dust fans thickly from your tires.

Suddenly, behind a rise, you see the rocket gun. Its great mass of launching tubes, like a huge honeycomb, rests on a medium tank mount. You find yourself believing that time has been stepped up somehow to bring a 21st Century weapon to Italy. You say this aloud to a private who is pulling himself out of the tank hatch and he replies with a grin: "That's right. That's why we're called the Buck Rogers Platoon."

Lt. Edward C. Fraedrich of Tucson, Ariz., the rocket platoon's leader, comes out of a battered stable and explains that rocket fire is scheduled for 1400 hours and that the gun crew—it is only noon now—is already loading the tubes because it takes two hours to complete the job.

Although planes have long been using rockets in Italy, the ground rocket gun is new to the Italian front. In many respects the Buck Rogers Platoon is experimental.

The rockets are 4.5s, and when they are slipped out of their cases you see that they come in sections. As Pvt. Richard Burns of Scranton, Pa., and Pvt. Frank Randazzo of New York City remove the cases, they put boosters into each rocket nose and then screw the nose fuse on. Each missile weighs almost 50 pounds and looks like any big shell except that it has six thin metal fins on the tail. These stabilizers fold back when in the tube but open out at right angles to the rocket when it flies through the air.

Burns and Randazzo fit 54 rockets together, placing them in a pile beside the tank. The honeycomb of tubes is constructed in groups of three—six groups wide and three groups high—and firing is synchronized so that all 54 rockets on a single gun can be released within 30 seconds. You get a rough idea of what this means when you learn that *each* rocket is equal to a 105 shell.

THE rockets are all out of their cases now. The gun crew forms a chain to pass them to T-5 Donald Pascuzzo of Santa Cruz, Calif., the gunner and the man responsible for the loading. Pvt. Jesse C. Clements of Rochelle, Ga., sitting on the tank, passes each rocket to Pascuzzo after pulling the safety pin from the nose fuse. Since the rockets are fired by electric contact points, which detonate the propelling force, Pascuzzo presses the two contact points firmly against each rocket to make sure the circuit will be completed when he turns the switch on.

It is 1345. Lt. Fraedrich and Sgt. Angelo Romeo of Paterson, N. J., place the gunner's quadrant on one of the tubes to measure the elevation and determine the range. The lieutenant goes up to a three-story OP on a nearby crest, where he can clearly see the mountain slopes held by Jerry. Pascuzzo squeezes into the tank hatch to squat beside the firebox, rigged up like a magnified rheostat for a model railroad. There are 54 metal points on the box, and as Pascuzzo makes contact with each of these points a rocket will be fired. Pvt. Carl Light of Alameda, Calif., radioman and "head KP, too," lugs a portable telephone to join Pascuzzo inside the tank. The mass of tubes swings slowly to face the Krauts.

Four minutes to go. It is very quiet. The shelling has died down, and through the putter of the Piper Cub overhead you can hear birds chirping. The rocket-gun crew disperses, each man getting far clear of the area or crouching behind sandbags to avoid the blast.

The telephone rings. Lt. Fraedrich is asking from the OP, "Are you ready down there?"

Light ducks back into the tank. "We're ready," he replies.

Behind sandbags a rocketman says softly, "Let's go, Freddy. Shoot them bastards out."

It is 1400 and up at the OP Freddy—Lt. Fraedrich—gives the order to fire.

PASCUZZO swings the rheostat on the first point. A tongue of flame streaks like a comet from the first tube, and the hard earth shivers from the blast. The roar crashes across the heights, sinks into the valleys and then rises over the crests. In quick succession the first three rockets are fired, and the black-stained hole behind the rocket gun is scooped deeper by each explosion. You stand almost in terror—"They all do," a rocketman says. It's like a blast furnace bursting in your face.

Ten more rockets are fired two or three seconds apart. They arch high across the front with long eerie whines, become black dots and disappear.

There is a pause. As you go inside the tank you hear Light checking with Lt. Fraedrich over the telephone and getting an order to send 20 rockets in ripple fire—one after another in very quick succession. Pascuzzo swings the rheostat again. The plates inside the tank flash crimson with each rocket blast, and specks of painted metal cut into your face and arms.

The last of the rockets are fired.

For a few moments there is a deep hush. As the gun crew comes from behind sandbags and out of the tank, Cpl. Darrel W. Piper of the Engineers rushes over with a worried look.

"They sent me over to see if it's safe out here," he says. Lt. Fraedrich, returned from the OP, tells him it's okay.

"Boy, it sounded like they were comin' in instead of goin' out," Piper remarks. "One guy in the outfit yelled, 'What the hell was that?' when those things came over." He looks at the rocket gun. "Quite a weapon," he adds.

Light comes over and puts his telephone box on the ground. "Funny thing, though," he says. "You tell a guy you're a rocketman and he won't believe you."

Rocket guns, you're told, are still far from perfect. For one thing, they are dangerous to use at night because the fiery tails of these man-made comets are too easy for Jerry to trace.

"However," Light says, "we're improving them and adding stuff, and a year from now these things will be as common as any Infantry weapon."

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Ernie Pyle

The quiet little man traveled half the world following GIs to war before a Jap bullet caught up with his luck on Ie Island.

By EVANS WYLIE SP1c (PR), USCGR
YANK Staff Correspondent

OKINAWA—Ernie Pyle covered Okinawa on D-Day with the Marines. Many of them did not recognize him at first and stared curiously at the small oldish-looking man with the stubby white whiskers and frayed woolen cap. When they did recognize him they said: "Hi, Ernie. What do you think of the war here in the Pacific?" And Pyle smiled and said a little wearily: "Oh, it's the same old stuff all over again. I am awful tired of it." The men watched him climb from the boat, his thin body bent under the weight of his field pack and draped in fatigue clothes that seemed too big for him and they said: "That guy is getting too old for this kind of stuff. He ought to go home."

Ie Shima, where Pyle died, is a small, obscure island off the western coast of Okinawa. The operation was on such a small scale that many correspondents didn't bother to go along. Pyle had been in the ship's sick bay for a week with one of his famous colds. The weather was perfect, with balmy air and bright sunshine. Pyle was ashore on D-plus-one. He stretched out on the sunny slope with Milton Chase, WLW radio correspondent, soaking up the sun and gazing at the picturesque landscape and gently rolling fields dotted with sagebrushlike bushes and clumps of low pine trees. The country, he said, was the way Italy must be in summertime. That was only a guess, he added, because he was in Italy in the middle of winter. Most of all, it reminded him of Albuquerque. "Lots of people don't like the country around Albuquerque," he said, "but it suits me fine. As soon as I finish this damned assignment I'm going back there and settle down for a long time."

This picture was taken when Ernie Pyle covered the war in France. A GI shows him an old French ax.

Ernie Pyle shares cigarettes with marines on Okinawa.

A young officer came up to report that the Japs were blowing themselves up with grenades. "That's a sight worth seeing," he said. Chase asked Pyle what his reaction to the Jap dead was. Pyle said dead men were all alike to him, and it made him feel sick to look at one. A wounded soldier with a bloody bandage on his arm came up the slope and asked Pyle for his autograph. "Don't usually collect these things," he told Pyle sheepishly, "but I wanted yours. Thanks a lot."

The operation was going so well that most of the correspondents left that night. There had been hardly any casualties and only a very few of these were killed. Pyle was in the midst of preparing a story on a tank-destroyer team, so he stayed on. He was wearing green fatigues and a cap with a Marine emblem. He was with a few troops when he died, standing near Lt. Col. Joseph B. Coolidge of Helena, Mont. The Jap machine gun that got him took the group by surprise.

PYLE had proceeded to the front in a jeep with Col. Coolidge. As they reached a crossroads, still some distance from the front lines, the Jap machine gun, hidden in a patch of woods, suddenly opened up on them. The gun was a sleeper. Our troops had been moving up and down the road all morning and most of the day before. This was the first time it had revealed itself.

Pyle and the others jumped from the jeep and took cover in a ditch beside the road. The machine gun fired another long burst, and Pyle was dead. The rest withdrew. Several groups attempted to recover the body, once with the support of tanks, but each time they were driven back.

At 1500, Chaplain N. B. Saucier of Coffeeville, Miss., received permission to attempt to recover the body with litter-bearers. T-5 Paul Shapiro of Passaic, N. J., Sgt. Minter Moore of Elkins, W. Va., Cpl. Robert Toaz of Huntington, N. Y., and Sgt. Arthur Austin of Tekamah, Neb., volunteered to go with him. The crossroads lay in open country that offered no cover. The men crawled up the ditch, dragging the litter behind them. Army Signal Corps photographer Cpl. Alexander Roberts of New York City preceded them and was the first man to reach the body.

Pyle lay on his back in a normal resting position. His unmarked face had the look of a man sleeping peacefully. He had died instantly from a bullet that penetrated the left side of his helmet and entered the left temple. His hands folded across his chest still clutched his battered cap, said to be the same one he carried through his previous campaigns. The litter-bearers placed the body on the stretcher and worked their way slowly back along the ditch under sniper fire. The battle for Ie Shima still remained to be won.

The island probably will be remembered only as the place where America's most famous war correspondent met the death he had been expecting for so long.

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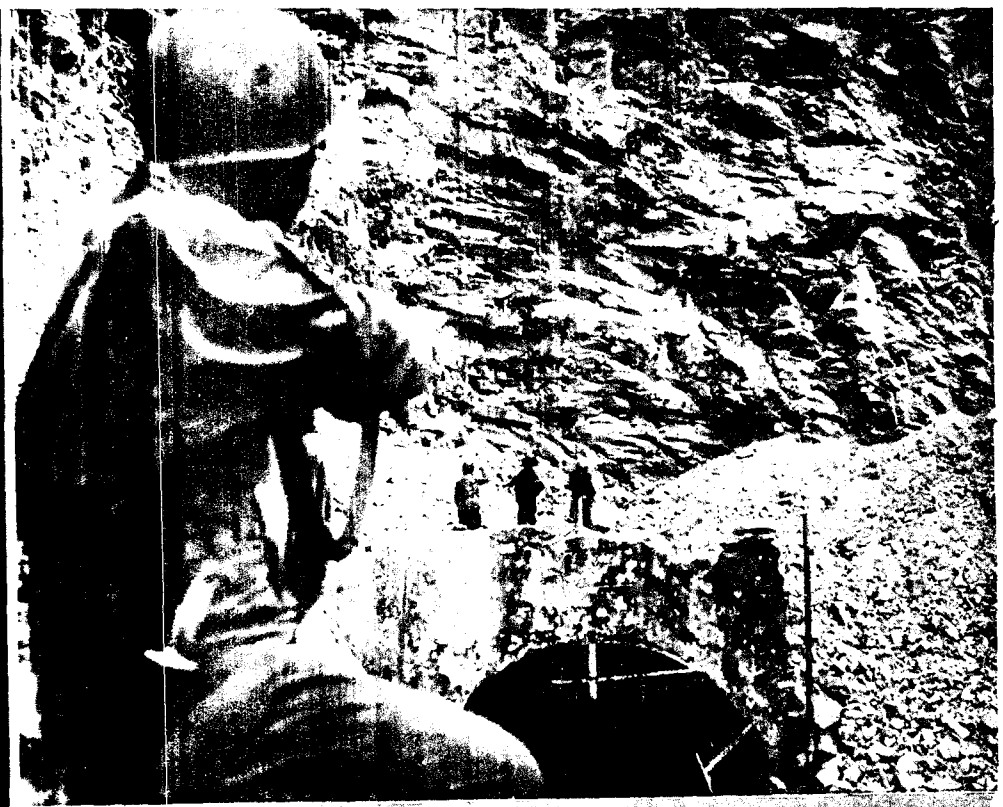
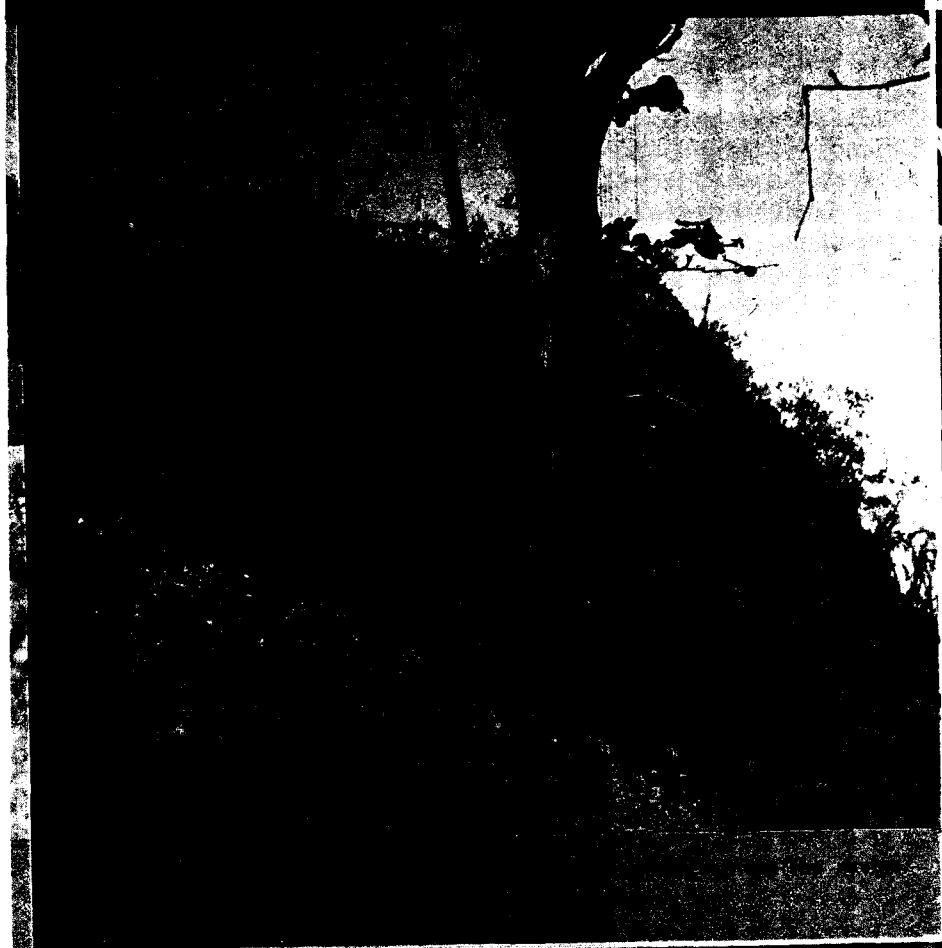
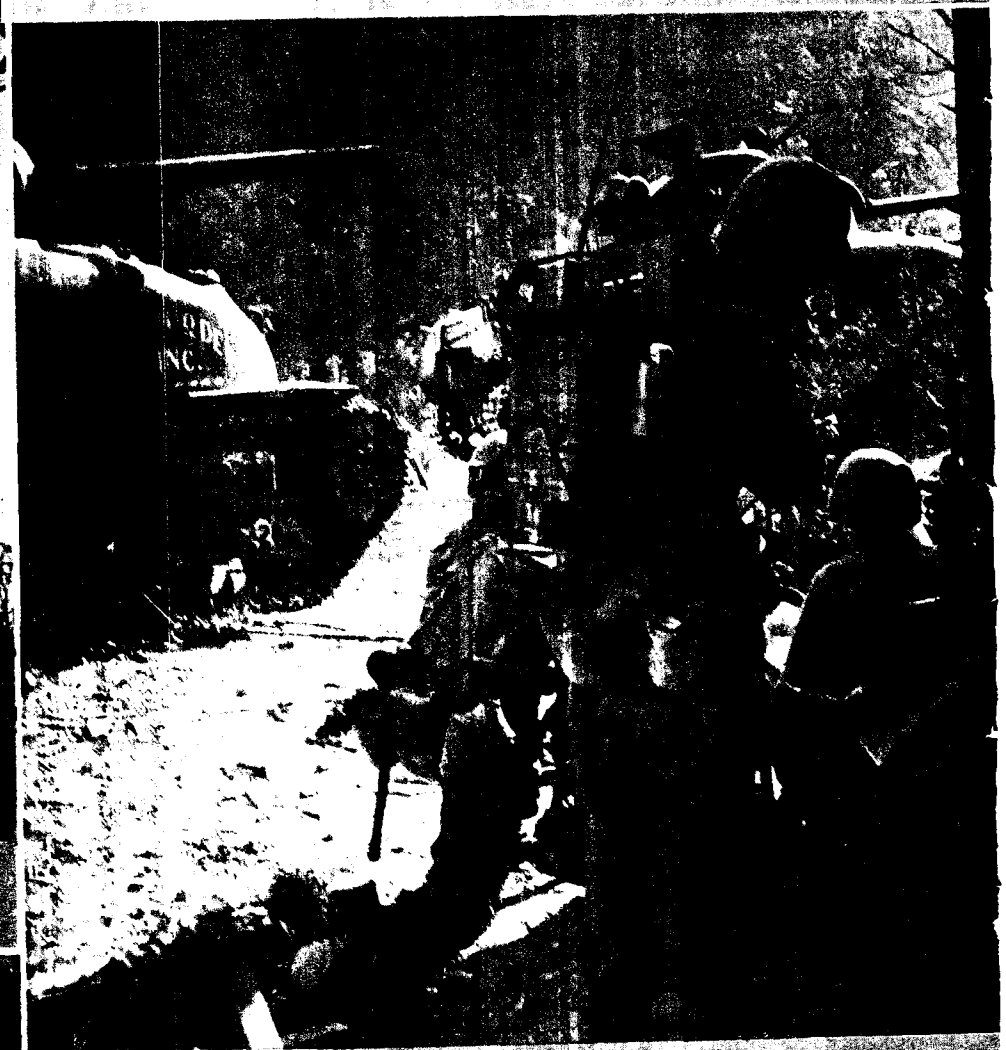
THE battle for Corregidor was won by the 503d Paratroopers and the 34th Infantry, 24th Division. Spearheading the final advance to clear the Japs out of the caves and tunnels of Malinta Hill on the island was Company L of the 34th. Supported by two tanks, they moved through a ravine on the north side of the hill, mopping up Japs on the way. YANK's Sgt. Arthur Weithas went along with them, to take these pictures.

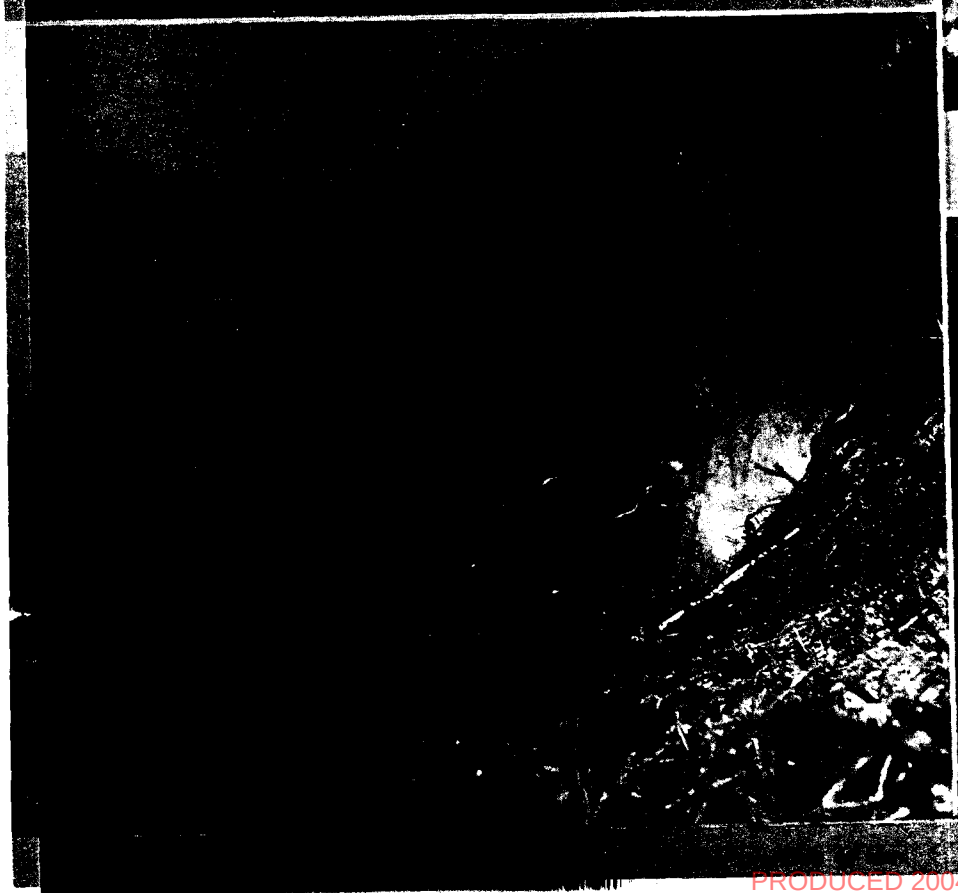


GI covers a demolition crew planting charges over Jap-filled Malinta tunnel





The two tanks reach a bend as GIs look out from the corner of a building



As the mop-up advance goes on the tanks keep to the road with GIs behind them

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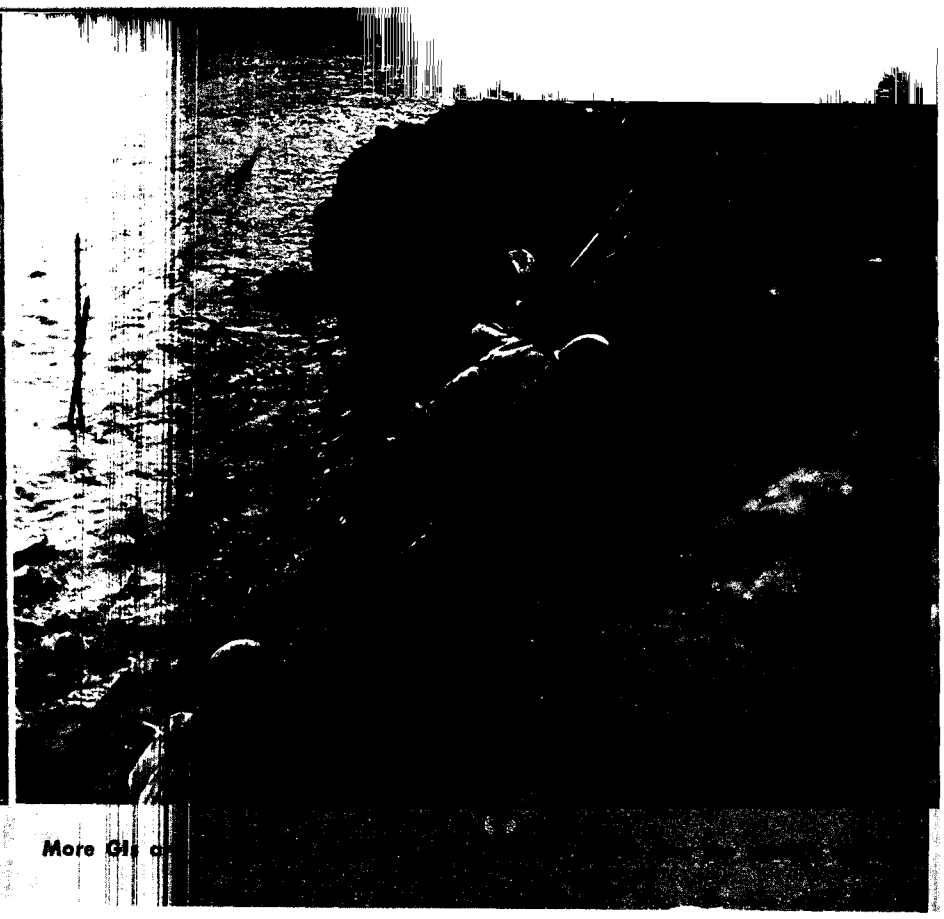
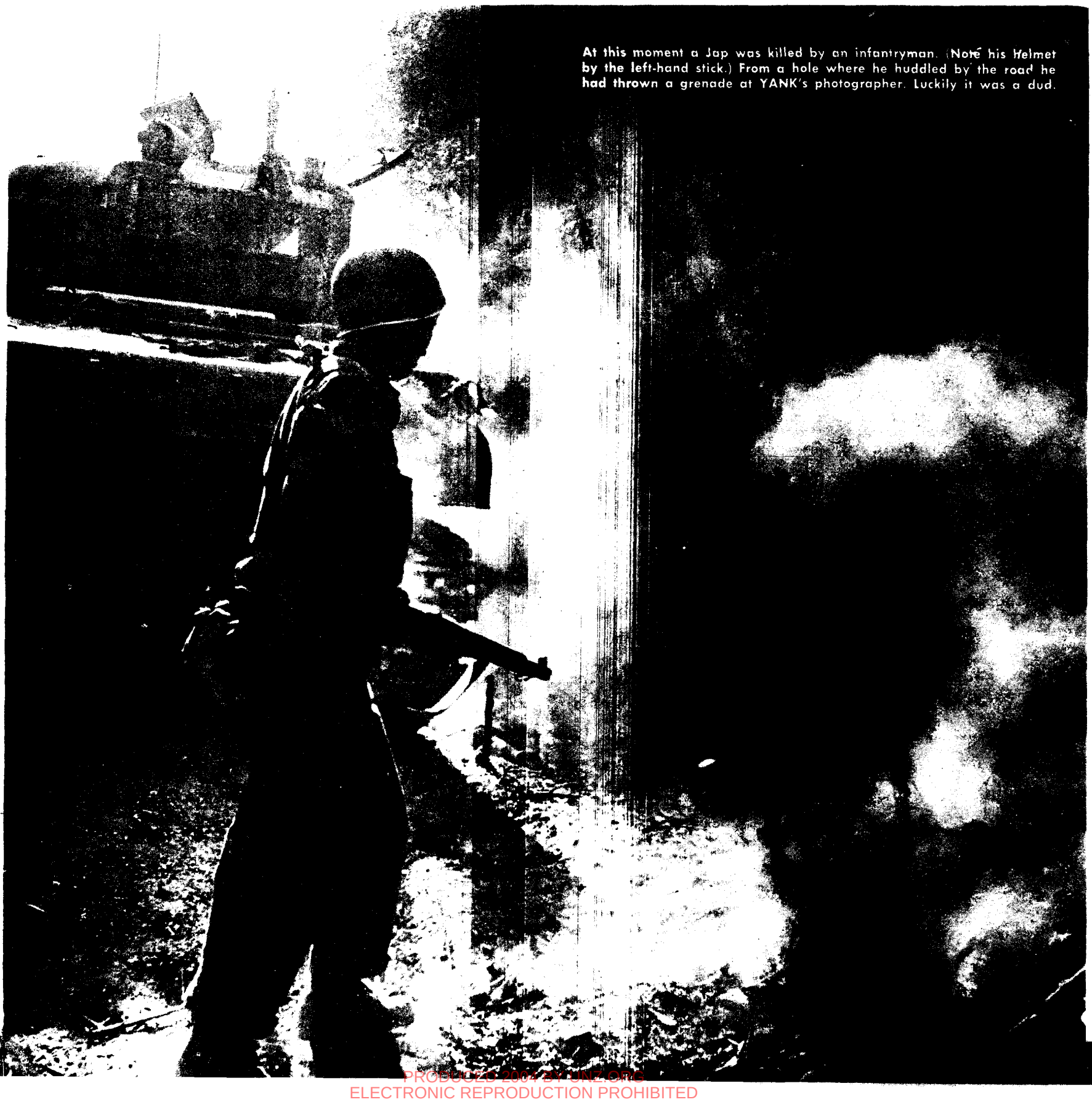
Infantrymen advance at the approaches to the ravine under cover of a



More GIs a



At this moment a Jap was killed by an infantryman. (Note his helmet by the left-hand stick.) From a hole where he huddled by the road he had thrown a grenade at YANK's photographer. Luckily it was a dud.

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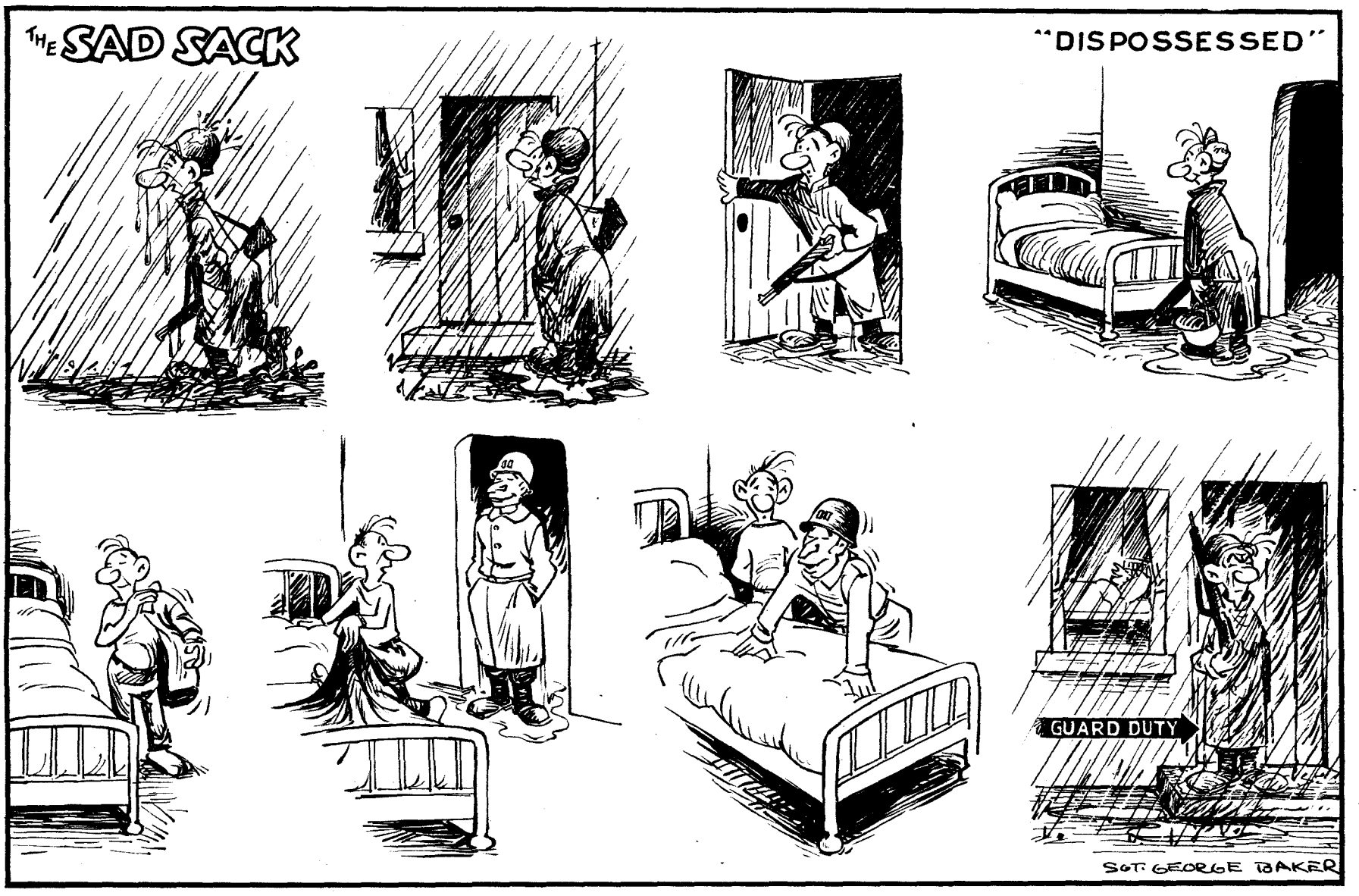

FASCINATING MILITARY MYSTERIES

1. The Strange Case of The Tennessee Tech Sergeant

By Pfc. CHARLES PETERSON

IT IS seldom that a military investigator uncovers a crime as baffling, as ingeniously conceived or as boldly executed as that which faced Capt. Bascomb Q. Barsnarsser somewhere in France on February 14, 1945—or rather, on 14 February 1945. On that morning, the bullet-riddled body of T/Sgt. Ovum T. Yukie was found stuffed in his own 201 file in the file section of the Adjutant General's Office wherein he worked.

Preliminary investigation brought out a number of interesting points, none of which did more than confuse the issue. The presence of a card wishing T/Sgt. Yukie a happy Labor Day, which was gripped between the dead man's teeth, proved to be as phony as the teeth themselves, and the .45 automatic which was found neatly filed under AG 220.45 ("Self-Inflicted Wounds") was judged to be another false clue. "I tried the experiment on a T-5 I happened to have handy," related Capt. Barsnarsser, "and he found it impossible to shoot himself 14 times. This definitely eliminated suicide."

At first glance no motive seemed to appear, but patient grilling soon brought out the fact that a number of his co-workers had ample reason to plug T/Sgt. Yukie. T-4 Bertram Sorenson, a classical scholar from Oconomowoc, Wis., reluctantly admitted that he had often expressed a desire to strangle Yukie. "He came from Tennessee," Sorenson explained, "and was always singing a ballad called 'When It's Tooth-Pickin' Time in False-Teeth Valley' as well as a number of discouraging revivalist hymns. Used to drive me nuts!"

T/Sgt. Bczyk, chief of the file section, related that Yukie used to borrow the heavy volumes of ARs and use them to crack nuts with, hiding the broken shells between the pages. "It used to embarrass the hell out of me when the colonel opened an AR and filled his lap full of nut shells," he complained.

And so it went. Capt. Barsnarsser interviewed one suspect after another, ranging from M/Sgt. Wemmecker, who was under the delusion that Yukie was a member of his draft board at the time Wemmecker had been drafted, to T-5 Hoonfeld, who said Yukie's Tennessee drawl irritated him. "Every time he opened his mout' I hit da berlin' pernt," he muttered.

It was no wonder that Capt. Barsnarsser often wept hot tears and said plaintively, "Why'd they put me on this job?" He had been a wedding-cake decorator in civil life.

A fingerprint check of the murder weapon revealed no prints except those of Capt. Barsnarsser, and a comparison of times and opportunities (it had been established by the medical examiner that death had occurred between January 29 and February 14, but, since Yukie had been seen alive, well and annoying on February 13, the time limit was narrowed considerably) revealed that anyone in the division and eight attached units could have committed the crime.

At length Capt. Barsnarsser hit upon new tactics. Calling the suspects into his office separately, he glared at each man steadily for five minutes, then roared, "Why did you murder Ovum T. Yukie?" For a time it seemed that this stratagem, too, would fail, since all it did was badly frighten several noncoms, two of whom later had to be transferred to a psychoneurotic center for recuperation, but at last Capt. Barsnarsser struck pay dirt. Questioning a pfc named Wifniss, he elicited the surprising answer, "Because of the T/O." A full confession followed.

Pfc. Wifniss had been smarting for 26 months under the ignominy of his rating and wanted to advance himself. "But there weren't any openings!" he wailed. "These guys never get rotated; they never get transferred; they never get killed. They make Ol' Man River look like a piker when it comes to jus' rollin' along. I decided to make my own opening. Yes, I shot Yukie. I caught him while he was singing 'I'll Meet You at the Pearly Gates, Emmy Dear' and pumped him full of lead."

Capt. Barsnarsser was promoted to brigadier general for his excellent work. Pfc. Wifniss was sentenced to four months in the guardhouse for justifiable homicide, and when last heard from he had been released and had worked himself up to a staff sergeant's rating.

Another brilliant chapter in the annals of military justice had been brought to a close.

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CAMP NEWS

Sgt. Pete Sidoti (left) shows T/Sgt. James K. Sweeney how he accounted for his two Nazi planes.

On the super chow line: T-5 and Mrs. L. M. Brown, T-5 and Mrs. N. Kalember, Pvt. and Mrs. Gus Bontivegna.

Hot Springs a Chowhound's Paradise

Nonflying Tail Gunner Downs Nazi Planes

Bowman Field, Louisville, Ky.—Sgt. Pete Sidoti of Cleveland, Ohio, a patient at the AAF Convalescent Hospital here, is a tail gunner who never flew a mission and yet has two German planes to his credit.

Trained as a tail gunner on a B-17, Sidoti was on board a ship in a convoy moving from Africa to India when it was attacked by a large number of Nazi planes. He was assigned to the ship's gun crew and accounted for two planes before his ship was torpedoed and sunk.

One of the few survivors, Sidoti was taken to a hospital in Africa. After seven months he was sent to India, but his injuries kept him grounded. He returned to this country last June and is awaiting his discharge, after which he will return to his civilian occupation with the National Advisory Committee of Aeronautics.

GI Enterprise

Camp Ellis, Ill.—The Camp Ellis *News* published an extra on the death of President Roosevelt that beat the mail editions of the Chicago and Peoria papers with the news here.

Printed 20 miles from camp on the presses of the Macomb *Journal*, the *News* was almost ready to be locked up for its regular weekly edition when the tragic news came in. Although it involved mechanical and editorial problems never before encountered in the paper's two-year history, Sgt. Harry F. Bolton, veteran Milwaukee (Wis.) newsman who is editor, decided to tear up the edition and make over. Lew Randolph, editor of the Macomb *Journal*, who couldn't get out an extra of his own paper because of the newsprint shortage, gave his permission, and the linotype operators, compositors and pressmen volunteered for the all-night job.

Sgt. Buck Erickson, formerly sports editor of the Iron Mountain (Mich.) *News*, became copy editor; Sgt. Arthur Massolo, former reporter for the New York (N. Y.) *Post*, handled the wires, and Cpl. John Lynaugh, former reporter for the Canandaigua (N. Y.) *Daily Messenger*, took care of the proofs.

By daybreak the *News* was "on the street," and every soldier in training here found a copy in his barracks at reveille or his mess hall at breakfast.

"I JUST WORK HERE, BUD"

Scott Field, Ill.—It was during a class in aircraft recognition and the instructor, T/Sgt. Donald Scott, was going through a review of some previous lessons. Flashing a plane across the screen, he gave the men a brief glance at it and then turned it off.

"You," he said, pointing to a staff sergeant sitting in a far corner of the room, "what was the name of that plane?"

"I think you'd better ask one of the students," answered the sergeant. "I work in the building and just happened to sit down for a few minutes."

—Sgt. HAROLD L. ASEN

AG and SF Redistribution Station, Hot Springs, Ark.—The mess detachment of this redistribution station is perhaps the first such Army unit to be organized as a complete and separate company. Among its 200 members are some of the nation's best chefs and food experts now wearing ODs.

Most of the GIs here for reassignment stay about two weeks, and during that time they're plied with thick, tender steaks, fried chicken and other foods they had dreamed of for many months. What's more, they have a choice at every meal, and on Fridays they can take fish or leave it.

M/Sgt. William T. Johnson of Duluth, Minn., a hotel chef for 14 years before he entered the Army, is in charge of the kitchen at the Arlington Hotel, where food is prepared for the enlisted returnees. His assistant is Sgt. Edman T. Mills of Akron, Ohio, who was head chef at the University Club in Akron for five years. Chief mess sergeant is M/Sgt. Thomas E. Kenney of Riverside, N. J., a specialist in meat handling who, prior to his assignment here, served as senior instructor at the Cooks' and Mess Sergeants' School at Camp Lee, Va. T/Sgt. Charles H. Anderson, who is mess sergeant at the Park Hotel where officer-returnees have chow, was a chef at the Arlington Hotel here in civilian life. Among others in the company's talent line-up (space won't permit mention of them all) are the two first cooks—S/Sgt. Thomas L. Williams, for seven years steward at the Chase Hotel's Steeplechase Club in St. Louis, and S/Sgt. George W. Bentley, a veteran of North Africa and Italy who was an expert cook in civilian life.

In contrast to normal Army life, where an EM does his own chores or else, emphasis is placed on service in the station's luxurious dining halls. The waiters in the Arlington's main dining hall are enlisted men from overseas, hand-picked and especially trained for the work. The Arlington's own corps of Negro waiters serve in the Fountain Room where returnees whose wives are with them have their meals. Civilian waitresses provide service to the officers at the Park.

Sterling M. Smith, head waiter who has been with the Arlington for 32 years, says that the hotel's waiters, most of whom stayed on under Civil Service when the Army took over, have found the soldiers and their wives an appreciative lot. "Most all of them have their own teeth," Smith says, "and, believe me, that makes it a lot easier to please a person when it comes to food."

THE CAMPS

Camp Upton, N. Y.—Pvt. Horace Conlan of the medical detachment of the Army Service Forces Convalescent Hospital doesn't see anything funny in the standard Army gag about the GI who replaces a Wac for overseas duty. He's just taken a job as chaplain's assistant, vacated by a Wac who will cross the pond after special training.

Fort Lewis, Wash.—Mail call in the 2022d Engineer Construction Battalion is a bit confusing. Not only are four Negro soldiers named William White, but three of them answer to Pvt. William J. White. The fourth is more likely to get his own letters on the first try; his name is Pvt. William H. White.

Fort Monmouth, N. J.—Pvt. John Briggs, who writes the "Take a Break" column in the *Signal Corps Message*, reports that a driver from the motor pool had occasion to go to a port of embarkation nearby where he saw a soldier going up a gangplank with a sign on his barracks bag that read, "IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?"

AAF Redistribution Station No. 1, Atlantic City, N. J.—Pfc. Harold Gordon, orderly room clerk, asked the first sergeant for permission to take a short break to attend to a very important but mysterious personal matter. He returned in a quarter of an hour with red smudges around his mouth. When the top kick pointed this out, Gordon thought for a moment and said, "My Good Conduct Ribbon must have run."

Camp Maxey, Tex.—"Money to burn," as an expression, never had more validity to anyone than it did one morning to Sgt. Thomas Bradbury of the Infantry Replacement Training Center. While making an inspection of the company latrine he was given $14 in bills by a friend who had made a purchase for him. He stuck the money in his pocket and a few minutes later stowed some dirty rags in the same place. The inspection over, he threw the rags into the fire and his $14 with them.

The Winnah and Still Champ

Camp Shanks, N. Y.—He already had three Camp Shanks GIs in his car giving them a lift to New York, but when he swung onto Route 9W and saw another GI obviously hoping for a hitch he stopped for him, too. As he halted to pick up the lone rambler, the car behind him was forced to slow up a bit, and the two burly fellows in the car didn't like it at all.

They swung their car ahead of the good Samaritan's auto while the latter was opening the door for the GI passenger. They parked their car and strode back, scowling menacingly. When they reached the car containing the GIs they began to growl angry words, but the words froze in their mouths and they beat a hasty retreat. Two of the GI passengers were T/Sgt. Joe Louis, the world's heavyweight champion, and Sgt. Ruby Goldstein, former lightweight boxing star.

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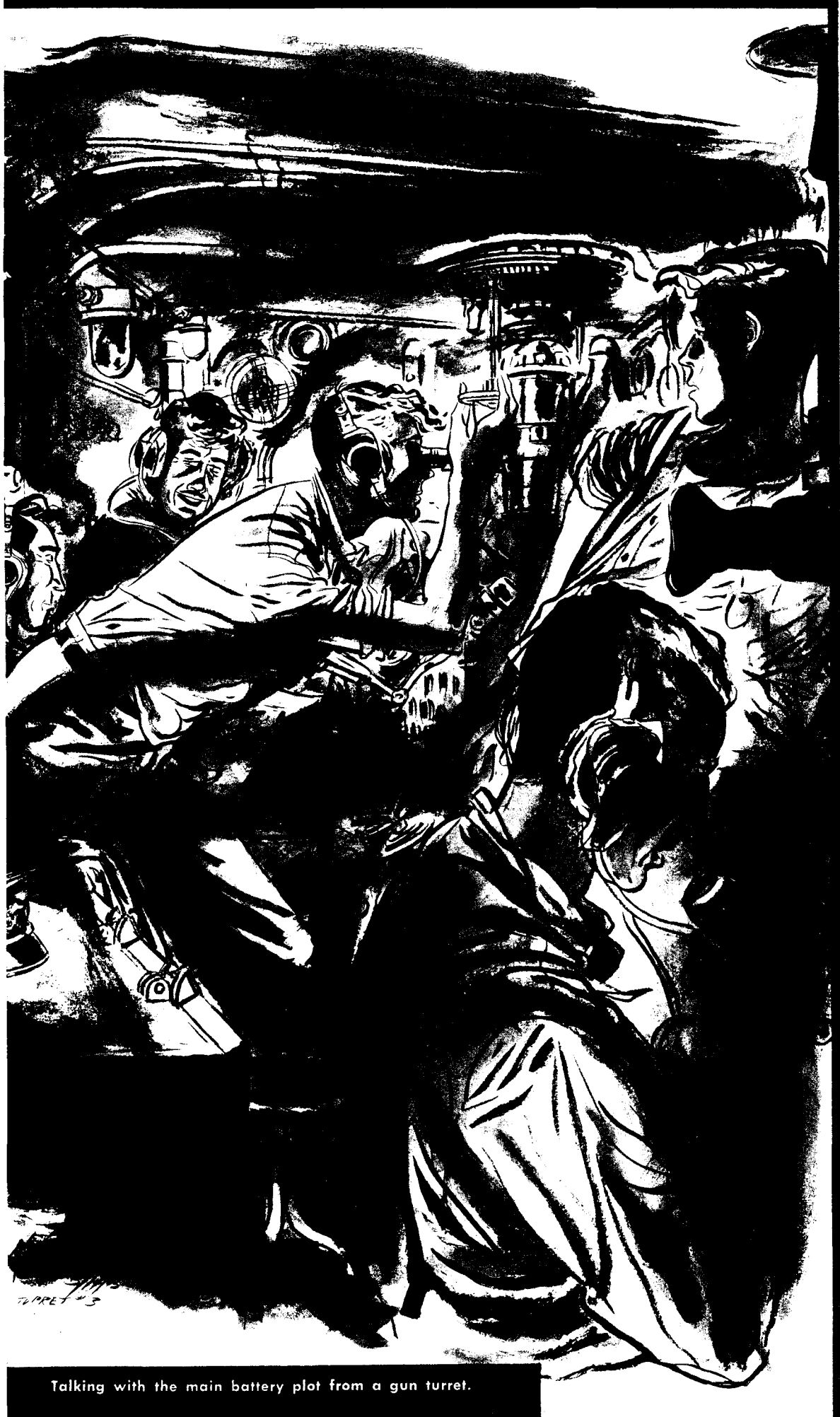
BATTLEWAGON OFF IWO

Sketches and notes on the *USS Tennessee* by Sgt. Jack Ruge, YANK Staff Artist



Talking with the main battery plot from a gun turret.

ABOARD THE USS TENNESSEE OFF IWO JIMA—*Big T* was one of the wagons at Pearl Harbor that Sunday morning. She was the only one of them that didn't touch bottom, although she was badly damaged and suffered heavily in personnel losses. At the time, some people asked if it was worth the expense to refit these old ships, but much of the Pacific fighting to date has fallen to the "graveyard fleet" since it was raised from the muck.

During the Leyte fighting, the Jap task force that steamed up through Surigao to disaster, throwing out star shells like the opening of a Hollywood delicatessen, was met by units of the graveyard fleet. The old chromos laid down one of the heaviest concentrations of gunfire in naval history and lowered some lofty Jap hopes in less time than it takes you to listen to an installment of "John's Other Wife." The *Tennessee* fired 13 salvos of 14-inch shells and racked up hits with 12 of them.

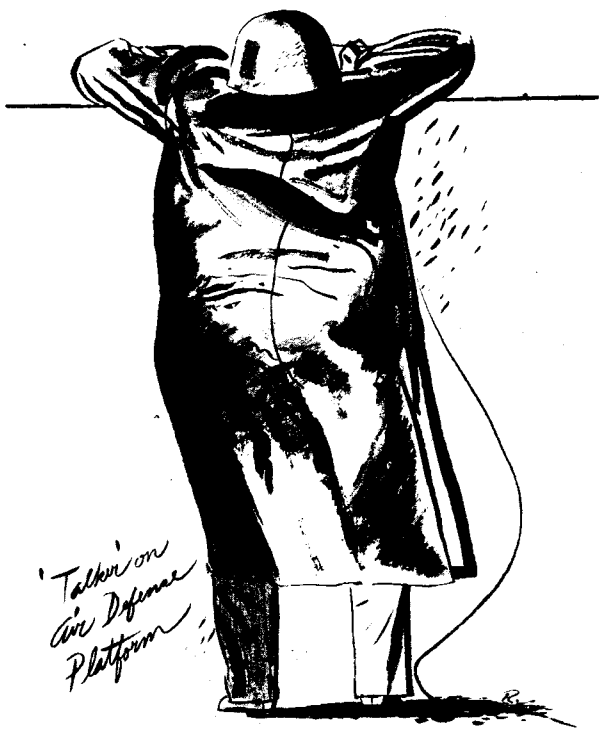
The morning the Iwo operation began, *Big T* moved slowly up the coast of the island and passed to seaward of a cruiser as she opened fire with her 6-inch guns. The time was 0803. The firing, joined by *Big T* and her sister ships, continued all morning.

DOWN in the chief's mess they were talking it up, and the men below decks wanted word from the men whose stations were topside. When they came in to pour themselves a cup of mud, still wearing their bulky kapok life jackets and helmets, you heard the same story several times, but nobody seemed to mind.

Then the PA whistled and everyone stopped talking. It was the chaplain with a communique on Adm. Marc Mitscher's strike on Tokyo. Some guys stopped their coffee cups on the way to their mouths; others simply chewed more slowly. The chaplain continued reading: "Paragraph three states that at this moment units of Adm. Spruance's Fifth Fleet are bombarding Iwo Jima."

Between the chaplain's "Iwo" and "Jima" a salvo from the *Tennessee* shook the ship and blotted out his words. He repeated them when it was quiet again.

TWO LCIs near us were hit and *Big T* stood by to take care of their wounded. There wasn't time to remove their dead. The wounded were brought to the after-battle dressing station, which is normally the mess deck, just outside the chiefs' mess hall. The litters were placed in two rows on the steel deck, and the corpsmen worked fast but quietly. There were two kinds of overhead lights—red and white—and the patients' faces were covered with a blue cosmetic that had been smeared on to protect them from flash burns. A fresh crimson stained the white of many bandages. The clash of color made the whole thing seem a little unreal, like the set of a Technicolor movie. There were no cries or moans from the patients; it was almost as if, at a sign from a director, they would douse their smokes and begin to act.



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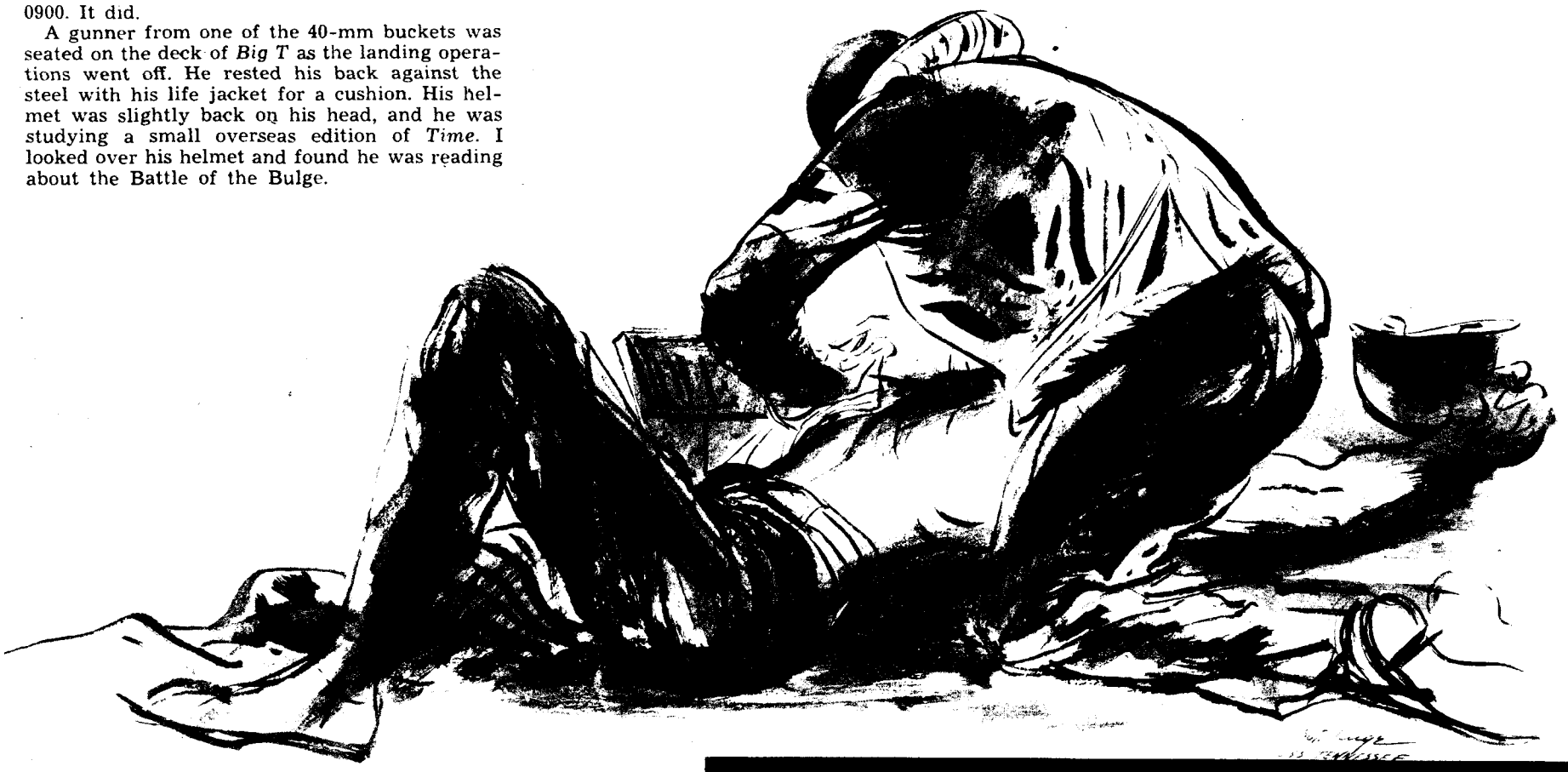
LANDING operations started at 0830. The first wave was due to hit the beach at exactly 0900. It did.

A gunner from one of the 40-mm buckets was seated on the deck of *Big T* as the landing operations went off. He rested his back against the steel with his life jacket for a cushion. His helmet was slightly back on his head, and he was studying a small overseas edition of *Time*. I looked over his helmet and found he was reading about the Battle of the Bulge.



A medic gives aid to a man hit by Jap shrapnel on the decks of the *Tennessee*.

The main battery plot, where firing problems are solved and main batteries fired.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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MIDDLE EAST, Sgt. Richard Paul, DEML.

BERMUDA, Cpl. William Pene du Bois, Inf.

ICELAND, Sgt. John Moran, Inf.

NEWFOUNDLAND, Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

NAVY, Donald Nugent Slc.

■

Commanding Officer, Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Executive Officer, Lt. Col. Jack W. Weeks.

Business Manager, Maj. North Bigbee.

Procurement Officer, Maj. Gerald J. Rock.

OVERSEAS BUREAU OFFICERS, France, Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt; Britain, Capt. Harry R. Roberts; Australia-Philippines, Lt. Col. Harold B. Hawley; Central-South Pacific, Maj. Josua Eppinger; Marianas, Maj. Justus J. Craemer; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Alaska, Lt. Grady E. Clay Jr.; Iran, Capt. Frank Gladstone; Panama, Capt. Howard Carswell; Middle East, Capt. Knowlton Ames.

This Week's Cover

LIKE millions of Europeans who have been shot, gassed or starved, these American soldiers were victims of Nazi bestiality. They were near death from starvation when freed from a prison camp near Limburg. Stories and pictures on atrocities are on pages 2, 3 and 4.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—PA & Acme. 2 & 3—Acme. 5—Upper left, Pfc. Pat Coffey; lower left and center right, Acme; upper right, PA; lower right, INP. 6—Left, Signal Corps; right, Cpl. Alfred Kynch. 8 & 9—Sgt. John Frano. 10—Signal Corps. 11—Acme. 12 & 13—Sgt. Art Weithas. 15—Left, PRO, Convalescent Hospital, Bowman AAF, Ky.; right, AGF-SF Redistribution Station, Hot Springs, Ark. 20—Sgt. Ralph Stein. 23—Left, Sgt. Ben Schnall; right, PA.

Courts-Martial and Brass

Dear YANK:

. . . Court-martial trials, where only commissioned officers sit in judgment upon an enlisted man, are contrary to all the rules and traditions of American jurisprudence, wherein an American citizen is entitled to be tried by a jury of his peers. (The word "peer" means "equal.") . . .

Enough evidence has appeared to prove that officers, as a group, will tend to protect a fellow officer where a conflict arises with an enlisted man. In an infraction of one of the "unbiased" Articles of War, an enlisted man's word will count for naught when his testimony is weighed against the "more mature" and "responsible" statements of a commissioned officer.

In many cases involving a choice of company punishment or court-martial, the enlisted man must necessarily choose the former because he feels that he can obtain no true measure of justice from an officer. He believes, with a great deal of truth and experience to influence him, that he will pay a penalty regardless which path he follows. If he accepts an immediate company punishment, he knows what the price is and he can pay it in a short time. Choosing a court-martial might prove embarrassing to him, costly to his salary and generally tying him up in a mire of GI legalistic quicksand.

It is my belief that a fairer sense of justice will apply to court-martial trials only when both commissioned officers and enlisted men sit upon the bench. Only then can the enlisted man be sure that a solid wall of brass isn't stacked against him. Only then will an enlisted man request a court-martial in preference to company punishment, feeling that someone judging him will understand his position, his feelings, his attitudes, his reasons for committing an infraction of military regulations. . . .

India —S/Sgt. SAM HESSELBERG

Post-War Plan

Dear YANK:

Here are some changes this hospitalized combat infantryman wants to see in post-war America:

1) Socialized medicine. Draft board rejections revealed our national ill health. All America wants to be 1-A but can't afford it. America can't be 4-F.

2) Full employment. Work for all who want to work. Work lines for breadwinners, not bread lines for jobless.

3) Complete slum clearance. More housing projects. Three-thirds of the nation well housed. Trailer towns, stovepipe fabrications, real-estate profiteers and owners who can't bear the noise of soldiers' children must go with the wind.

4) Franchise for 18-year-olds. Some of my buddies who were killed fighting for freedom never had the opportunity to cast their votes. They knew what they fought for and if they had voted they would have known for whom they voted and why.

5) Representative free press. The majority of the American press has not reflected majority public opinion for the past 12 years, as witness the past four Presidential campaigns. The newspapers and magazines of America better put their ears to the ground instead of the advertising dollar.

6) Broader educational system. Only a minute percentage of American youth finish college. Give every person with the intelligence and desire the opportunity to do so. Ability to learn must be substituted for ability to pay.

7) Flood-control extension. Harness all our rivers from coast to coast. Electrify the land with power lines, not with headlines of flood disasters.

France —Sgt. JOSEPH S. EDELMAN

Racial Understanding

Dear YANK:

. . . We have a racial problem in the States, and I feel that worlds of good could be done if such a topic was brought up in some of the squadron meetings with the intention of bringing the two races closer together and having a better understanding of each other. From the beginning of the history of the U. S., the Negro has played a part. There is yet to be a war that he has not fought in. I am well aware of the fact that the history taught most of us in elementary and high schools only mention him as a slave, so consequently many of us are ignorant of the Negro's contribution to the American way of life.

One could hardly expect men who have fought the enemy on the front lines and have seen the blood of their fellow men spilled upon the ground denied the full rights of citizenship.

Blood spilled by the Negro in theaters of war is no different from blood that may be spilled by the Negro in the States in race riots and other racial disturbances if this problem is not solved.

Italy —S/Sgt. RUSSELL E. THOMAS*

*Also signed by Sgt. C. J. Sperling.

Retirement Age

Dear YANK:

At just what age is an enlisted man finally considered too old for this Army game, or is it just a case of "until death do us part"?

Camp Maxie, Tex. —Pvt. ALEX CHARLEN*

*Also signed by three others.

■ Forty-two.

Unashamed Officer

Dear YANK:

Does Pvt. Kolber intend his advice, "don't boast about being an officer veteran" [in a recent *Mail Call* letter] for the "Rifle Company Commander" whose fine letter so brightly shows up the shallow pettiness of Kolber's on the same page?

I have long wondered why some enlisted men assume that an officer is, per se, a self-seeking, privileged incompetent. I have the feeling that they are a very small minority of misfits who are trying to forget their own inability in making a lot of noise.

It has been my experience, in the Infantry at least, that officers have a keen sense of their obligations to their men and of the latter's dignity as an individual. I imagine few men have seen their platoon leader or company commander any better off in combat than themselves. There are also few men who would care to have their officer's responsibilities in combat.

Besides the Rifle Company Commander's record my own is pitifully slight but similar in some ways—from the ranks to a commission, deaf in one ear from concussion, plate in the skull, shrapnel wounds in leg and arm. I had every chance to be retired but have hopes of once more getting back into the lines, which is the place of every man able to do it until this thing is over. Like the Rifle Company Commander, I would be ashamed to follow any other course for the country which is mine only by adoption.

Even though it costs me much more than the job which Pvt. Kolber thinks so important, I will always be proud to declare I am a veteran Infantry officer. I am afraid few other Infantry officers will take Pvt. Kolber's advice.

—Infantry Lieutenant

Ashford General Hospital, W. Va.

Packages from Home

Dear YANK:

This is a complaint about the methods the Army Post Office uses in handling and transporting packages. My letters come in good condition and speedily enough; my subscriptions come through all right, except for a few missing issues. But my packages! What happens to them shouldn't happen to my mother-in-law!

The Post Office advises the folks at home to use the special overseas-type corrugated paper box, so they use it. And what happens? The package gets soaked, and the recipient can't pry the top from the bottom of the box.

May I make a suggestion? Why not a moisture-proof, zippered bag? Let me see my packages in another condition besides looking like they just stepped into a New Guinea foxhole during the rainy season.

Philippines —T-5 JOSEPH D. FLAMM

U. S. of the Earth

Dear YANK:

. . . All this talk of winning the peace by the continued cooperation of the nations now known as the Allies seems pretty silly to me. We all know that even the honorable nations involved are going to try to get the best of the bargain for themselves. Already the talk is drifting to who should get what. Everyone says that all men should be free and that what one country has should remain in its possession, even if its armies are not as strong as its neighbors'. I agree, but you just can't do it on paper or with a committee. Even a world court will not solve the problem.

There is only one way to stop war, and it is obvious to every American. It may seem fantastic now to say "The United States of Earth," but until that day is a fact there will be no real peace. So long as there are countries maintaining individual military power, money systems and all the other things it takes to make a country there will continue to be jealousies and hatreds between races and nations.

The only way to stop the legal murder

"At ease! Pipe down! If you guys will shut up for a few minutes Miss Hart will entertain you."

—Pfc. Tom Flannery

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called wa[illegible] between nations, establish one cent[illegible] government with all people sharing t[illegible] treasures of the earth and legally ow[illegible]ing it. The idea sounds idealistic, I mi[illegible] admit, but remember, the same thi[illegible] was thought of the United States [illegible] America when it was started. The resu[illegible] was proof that an ideal can work.

France —Cpl. JOHN J. SLATER

Fickle Finger

Dear YANK:

A few issues back I read, with more than passing interest, an article on the proposed manpower-mobilization plan, i.e., forcing a man in an unessential industry to take a war job or else.

Here's where my interests come in. Ten years before the war I started building a lucrative territory as a wholesale liquor salesman, an occupation high on the "unessential" list. In March of 1943, my draft board called me in and told me that if I didn't get out of that business and take a defense job they were going to slap me in the Army, wife and child notwithstanding. Frankly, I didn't relish the idea of giving up 10 years' work to satiate the whim of a highly antagonistic draft-board female, but what I thought was my better judgment told me I had better comply. I went to my boss, explained the situation and asked his advice. He told me that that there was but one choice, but that I need not worry. I could have my job back any time I wanted it. I quit.

Typical of my draft board's operations, I found myself in the Army just 47 days after I'd taken the defense job. Now then, the recent trend of letters from my place of employment seem to indicate that my old territory has so changed that I'll be lucky if I have 10 per cent of my old customers back—and that more likely than not I won't have a job to go back to, in spite of the verbal reassurance I was given when I left it.

That's my TS, but will the individual who finds himself in circumstances similar to mine have any recourse under the new bill if it passes? Can he demand his old job back if he was forced to quit it in favor of a war job and then got drafted anyway?

New Guinea —T-4 FRANK PUCCETTI

Troop Movement

Dear YANK:

Here is a problem that kept a bunch of GIs interested on a train I was on recently. At the time none of us could give an answer that would satisfy everyone. I happened to run across the scrap of paper on which I made a few notes while on the train and have worked out a solution.

The problem is: "How can you move a platoon of men around a building and bring them back to the original position without giving the same preparatory command twice?"

—Pfc. ROBERT O'GORMAN

Gulfport Field, Miss.

Exams for Ratings

Dear YANK:

I have been reading recently many letters in YANK suggesting competitive exams for ratings. I think most fellows are overlooking many facts when they suggest such a system. It is obvious that when an outfit has been activated for as long a time as this present war or longer, it sooner or later is going to have its T/O full. . . .

In the earlier part of the war, passing the AAF's qualification exam for weather observers meant an almost immediate rating as pfc or corporal. Well, that was fine until the T/O was full. Then what? I was assigned to a weather squadron at just such an unfortunate time, being a private at the time. I took the qualifying exam and passed it but there was no rating for me, even though in my squadron the T/O had no place for a buck private as a weather observer.

Then the CO of the squadron decided to have periodic "proficiency" exams in order to weed out those who were not the best men. During the eight months I was in that squadron, I never did see any good come from that system. It just meant that everyone became very jumpy and cooperation became more and more difficult. It got so that nobody would trust anybody else. All it brought was misery to everyone and ratings for very, very few. I don't want my ratings that way. I would prefer to stay a private for the duration than have to go through something like that again. . . .

Why limit the number of ratings? The ratings are given out to men because of their technical knowledge and ability. If a man has earned his MOS, he should be given a rating or promotion periodically regardless of T/Os or seniority, etc. Reward the deserving. If necessary put screws on the schools who turn out bum technicians that lower the standards of efficiency. But let's not start something that will have us using every minute of our spare time to knife our buddy.

Topeka AAF, Kans. —Pvt. HARRY SAKALIAN

What's Wrong With Orientation

Dear YANK:

It has been said more than once that the American soldier is the "most politically ignorant in the world" . . . In the two years I have been in the Army, at five different installations and in twice that many units, I have experienced Army orientation in which I believe we can find the key to the problem. There are a number of major defects in the program to make the American soldier "the most informed in the world."

The orientation material put out on top is the most wonderful stuff one can ask for. The outlines, the maps and the films are tops. But what happens to them when they get down to the bottom?

I have been compelled to see the "Why We Fight" series at least seven times, but not once have the problems raised in these films been orally discussed where valuable ideas, which can become the permanent asset of the soldier, might be inculcated. The maps are usually hung up and forgotten, or if they are ever discussed at the orientation hour, they make this a period in which an unprepared officer upon whom, no doubt, his job as orientation officer has been imposed "in addition to his other duties," tells us that we gained one mile here and two miles there, or vice versa. Orientation then becomes a recitation of our advances, the planes shot down and other statistical data which we have seen in the morning paper, anyway.

The fact that all this doesn't promote political maturity seems to be of no concern to anyone. As for the outlines, I yet have to receive a lecture or hear a discussion on any one of them.

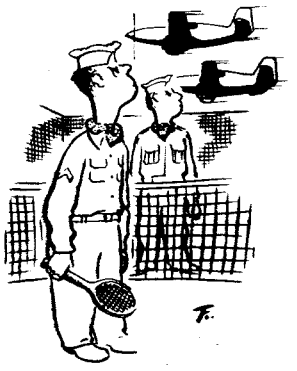
If the job of orientation officer were made a voluntary assignment for officers as well as enlisted men, would we not get those men who are really interested and know such work? I am certain we would have better-prepared and more informative orientation hours. If we would take the time wasted in viewing and re-viewing films over and over again, and discuss the vital problems that face the Allies in the prosecution of the war, we would be more politically alive and lay the foundation for a high and stable morale. . . .

Fort Lewis, Wash. —Pfc. MURRAY BLUMBERG

Courting Trouble

Dear YANK:

We are members of an air depot stationed at a permanent RAF base in the UK, at which there are three good tennis courts, for the use of the personnel here. However, three courts are hardly sufficient for the number of men who want to play, causing inconvenience and lost man-hours in having to wait for a court. Why can't the Army donate funds and labor for improving this situation? Also, a fighter group



shares the field with us, and the noise of the planes breaking for a landing on return from missions makes it almost impossible to carry on a decent tennis game, ruining our matches. Why can't this group be given a field of its own, as other fighter groups?

Had I ended this letter here, I am sure YANK would have printed it, which would be typical of YANK's policy in publishing screwball letters on subjects which are most obviously not representative of the average GI mind and which only serve to cause dissension in the ranks, dissatisfaction with the "brass," bad morale, etc. It is my belief that YANK has better editing ability than it has shown in the past, and it can very easily publish letters which bring out legitimate and typical grouses, but when it comes to your letters from the "Fed-Up Ground Officers," and "Suede Shoes Charlie," I lose my patience with you.

Britain —1st Lt. FRANK WENNEIS

■ Glad to hear from you, lieutenant, and we imagine we'll be hearing from you again if the printer leaves off that second paragraph.

Dust Mask

Dear YANK:

In a recent YANK there was an article about a cold-weather mask. If this idea will work on keeping out cold, why wouldn't it do the same for dust?

A mask on the order of a paint mask could be issued with some type of paper filter. I should think that it would be a wonderful health benefit to almost anyone stationed at an air base in C[illegible]na. Every time a plane warms up it reminds one of a Kansas duststorm.

You also stated that there were 90,000 Wacs, 15,000 overseas. Praise the Lord and pass the Wacs to China.

China —Cpl. JOHN S. MEREDITH

Aircraft Pin-Ups

Dear YANK:

I was wondering what type of regulation there is for pictures on aircraft. It seems that someone has a crazy idea that pictures of women with the top half bare are not allowed. That is what we are fighting for. Why not let us see what we are fighting for? That is a morale-breaker if there ever was one.

Marianas —Cpl. ELVIN MUNYAN

GI Equipment

Dear YANK:

In your article "Infantrymen Discuss GI Equipment" in YANK, mention was made of "the fur-lined field jacket with hood that is the envy of the Army," and that AAF equipment was "beautiful" in comparison with Infantry issue.

This "fur-lined field jacket with hood" is in reality not a field jacket, but the jacket of the medium flying unit. The only member of a heavy-bomber crew having the hood is the tail gunner; the rest of the crew have the jacket without the hood. There is ample reason for the tail gunner having the hood. His position is exposed, and without the hood he would be highly susceptible to frostbite on his face.

Due to the intense cold encountered at high altitude, the medium flying suit fails to offer sufficient protection from the cold, and must be supplemented by an electrically heated flying suit. Therefore, this "luxurious equipment" is no longer a luxury at 25,000 feet and up, but a necessity. . . .

Italy —Sgt. W. P. RUTTER

Pipe-Smoking Women

Dear YANK:

Am writing in answer to Cpl. James R. Hawkins' letter [protesting against women smoking pipes]. Cpl. Hawkins can't be too old-fashioned or he would recall the time when the fairer sex smoked pipes, used snuff and also chewed tobacco. I know I can, and there are quite a few others that can also.

I myself would a lot rather see a woman smoke a pipe than a cigarette. It is better for them, too. If Cpl. Hawkins can also recall to his old-fashioned memory the time when women began smoking cigarettes, there were a lot of people said the same as he did about the pipe. —Cpl. WILLIAM F. HOOVER Jr.

Lincoln AAB, Nebr.

Patriotic Gesture

Dear YANK:

While reading YANK we came across the very patriotic gesture of Pfc. H. B. Deutsch, who stated that he and other single men in his outfit who have been guarding the Panama Canal for quite some time feel that they could be of more service if they were put in combat. They asked why the Army could not supply the guard for the Canal with married men who have more than one dependent while he and his buddies did their part in the fighting.

We married men over here appreciate his fine intentions and agree with him fully. We feel that if those terms could ever be arranged we would relieve them for combat duty.

Italy —Pfc. H. L. MARTLING*

*Also signed by eight others.

Strictly GI

New Patch Regulation. A soldier back from overseas and permanently reassigned to a unit in the States may continue to wear the shoulder patch of his overseas outfit by shifting it to his right shoulder, but if he was assigned to more than one unit overseas he may wear no more than one such insignia at a time. This revision of *AR 600-40*, par. 56f, was announced by the WD in *Cir. No. 111*, dated 7 April 1945.

The patch of his Stateside outfit should be worn on his left shoulder as previously ruled.

OCS Quota Doubled. Officer-candidate classes at the Quartermaster School, Camp Lee, Va., will be doubled for four months this summer—May to August inclusive. Applications should be made through company commanders.

B-Ration Ice Cream. The Quartermaster Corps has issued a pamphlet of recipes for preparing B-ration ice-cream mix in eight different flavors by the use of B-ration fruit-juice powders, canned fruits and other ingredients. The flavors: chocolate, lemon, fruit cocktail, peach, coffee, maple, pineapple and hard candy. A pamphlet is packed in each case of the ice-cream mix, which in its original form is vanilla-flavored.

Long - Range Thunderbolt. The P-47N, a new model Thunderbolt, is now in production, the WD revealed. The new fighter, capable of a combat radius of 1,000 miles and a speed exceeding 450 mph, is designed so it can serve as a fighter-bomber or a long-range escort.

Music Equipment. Special Services Division, ASF, announced that the Army Exchange Service has a complete stock of music equipment available for PXs that request it. Some of the items: harmonicas, tonettes, ocarinas, trumpet mutes, instrument parts and accessories, band stands, sheet music, orchestrations and coin-operated juke boxes.

Facts about Wacs. There are 15,546 Wacs serving overseas and almost half of them—7,036—are in England and France. The rest are scattered as follows: There are 5,255 in the SWPA (Australia, New Guinea, Netherlands East Indies and the Philippines); 1,612 in Italy; 344 in India and Ceylon; 206 in Hawaii and Guam; 596 in Egypt and Africa; 103 in the Alaska Department and 394 in Bermuda, Labrador and British Columbia. The only Negro Wac detachment overseas is in the ETO, working as a postal section.

According to the WD, the overseas Wacs with the most luxurious living quarters are the ones in Hawaii. The ATC has a Wac unit in Accra on the West African Gold Coast. The Wacs in Bermuda, also working for the ATC, live in a place called Song Bird Island.

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Pin-up Girl

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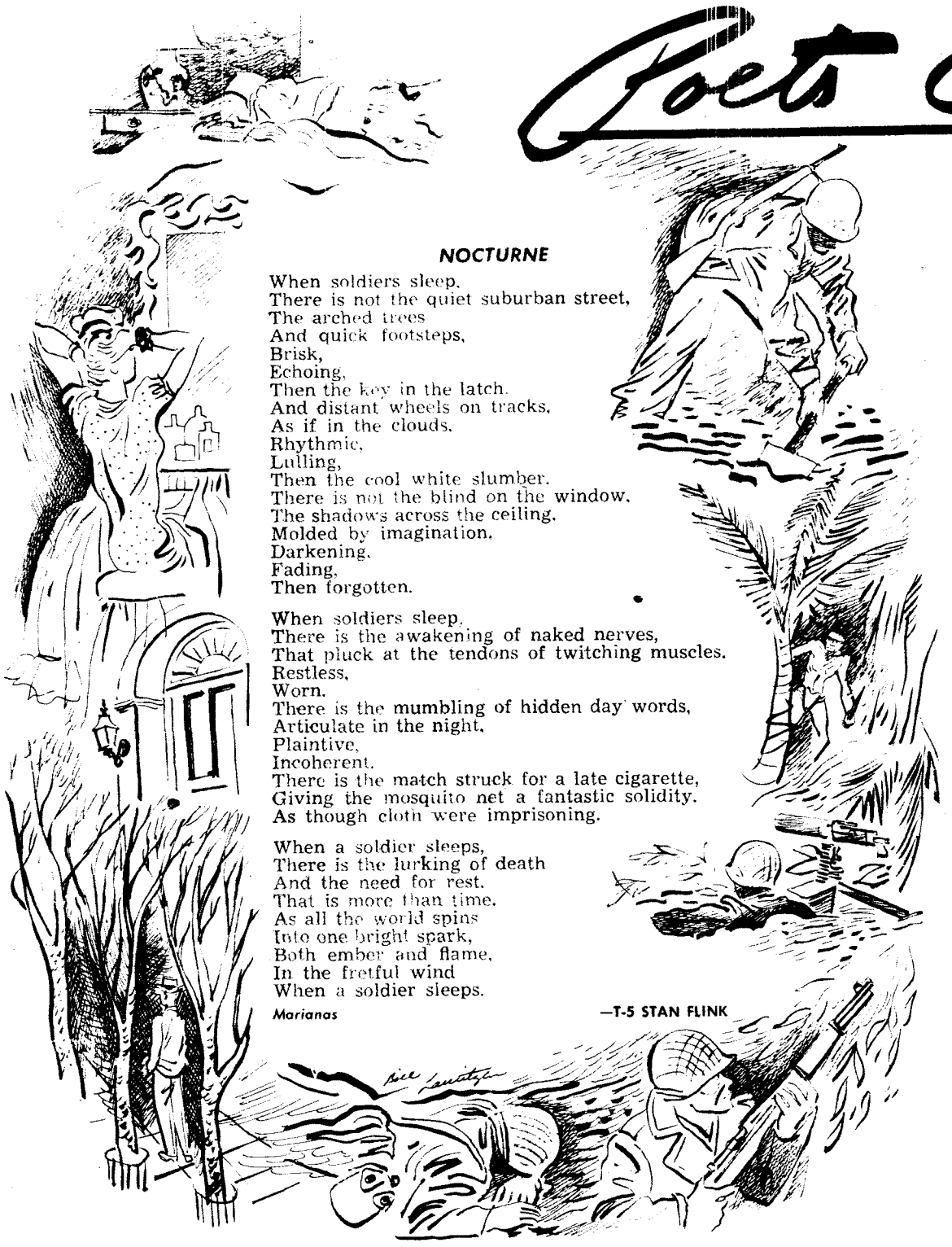
Poets Covered



NOCTURNE

When soldiers sleep,
There is not the quiet suburban street,
The arched trees
And quick footsteps,
Brisk,
Echoing,
Then the key in the latch.
And distant wheels on tracks,
As if in the clouds,
Rhythmic,
Lulling,
Then the cool white slumber.
There is not the blind on the window,
The shadows across the ceiling,
Molded by imagination,
Darkening,
Fading,
Then forgotten.

When soldiers sleep,
There is the awakening of naked nerves,
That pluck at the tendons of twitching muscles.
Restless,
Worn.
There is the mumbling of hidden day words,
Articulate in the night,
Plaintive,
Incoherent.
There is the match struck for a late cigarette,
Giving the mosquito net a fantastic solidity.
As though cloth were imprisoning.

When a soldier sleeps,
There is the lurking of death
And the need for rest.
That is more than time.
As all the world spins
Into one bright spark,
Both ember and flame,
In the fretful wind
When a soldier sleeps.

Marianas —T-5 STAN FLINK

LINES ON IMPERMANENCE

Observe the wise philosopher at work—
A nerveless dynamo content to hum
And wreak his matchless strength on things that lurk
Like gravity beyond the earth, to find the sum
Of all man knows and does and is, to write
His truths like fire upon the human wall;
To chart the upward path, rejoice at sight
Of mortal climb beyond the mortal fall.
He goes to sleep, believing all is well,
But as he rests the night moves in to pry,
So that the morning's sums do not compare—
All due, no doubt, to nature's touch: a pair
Of spider webs, a rust where oil was dry.
Machines are tricky things. It's hard to tell.

SCSU, Lake Placid, N. Y. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

I WILL TURN HOME

I will turn home again some day,
Putting my back on all these things
Of war and blood;
Of pain and mud;
Of aching hunger and of maddening stings.
I will go back along the way
I came, until I stand once more
Beneath home skies,
And see sunrise
Upon my beloved shore.

I will turn home again when war
Is past and honor's call is quiet.
Till then my face
Is set in place
To one established goal in freedom's fight.
I will turn home at last once more,
Knowing that a true soldier's rest,
Once earned, is sweet;
His peace complete
Who gave until the last his best.

New Guinea —Sgt. R. A. LARSEN

HE CAN WAIT

I walked with Death, and he steps along
In rhythm with my every stride;
And when I pause to rest
He kneels in mud beside me,
Matching breath for breath.
I crouch with him;
Together we flatten bodies
Against the yielding ground.
His eyes turn with mine to the sky
And his ears hear the echo, as do I,
Of bombs that dig their noses into men,
Rooting the earth like hungry swine. . . .
And they ask me to be patient.
Only Death smiles . . . for he can wait.

Philippines —Pfc. JOSEPH PAUL

THE WORK OF THE SEASONS

At my feet my eyes behold the fruits the year has brought,
The work which nature through four seasons wrought,
And first till last on each one I have sought
Death, how it hangs upon the old, upon the new yet naught
There is a sorrow only age can learn,
It is a ferment only time can turn;
The raisin grape, and yet the sprightly fern,
The newborn's cry, the old folk's nod,
A balance in the hands of God.

India —Sgt. CARLYLE OBERLE

NIGHTFALL

The last gold shadow from the hill
Lies on the quiet corn.
Along the deepening rim of night
This starry darkness borne
Invites the world and all its folk
To rest until the morn.

But, oh, the sons of men, we pray
With words we will not keep,
And sow in cruel discontent
The whirlwind that we reap,
While countless wrecked tomorrows race
Through our unquiet sleep.

How orderly the mountains march
Into the setting sun,
How are the myriad faces turned
From battles sorely won,
Too well aware at each new day,
The wars are never done.

New Guinea —Pvt. LITTLETON TODD

MEET a real Latin from Manhattan. Lina Romay, daughter of a Mexican diplomat, came into the world while her parents lived in New York City. A hit as a radio singer, she later sang in front of Xavier Cugat's orchestra, with which she gained national fame. Lina is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 110, has brown eyes, brown hair, and pronounces her name Lean-a Rome-eye. The new picture she is making for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is "Weekend at the Waldorf."

BEER RATION IN NEW GUINEA

Dig your ice box,
Make your plans.
Drink your beer,
Smash your cans.
Go to bed
In a mellow haze.
Wait another
Thirty days.

New Guinea —Pvt. JACK H. STEINMANN

BATTALION OF THE DEAD

The bugle never more will blow
Across this camping ground.
And men for welcome mail from home
Will never crowd around.
It's silent now; no guns are heard:
The war for them has fled.
And now they are immortal:
The battalion of the dead.

And each of these mute crosses
Is a symbol, stark and white,
Of hopes, of plans and treasured dreams,
Which now have taken flight;
Out to the blue horizon stretch
The rows in solemn state,
And join the shafts of sunlight
Stretching up to heaven's gate.

They died because they knew that man
Was destined to be free,
And freedom's price is often death,
Met far beyond the sea.
So there they lie; as heaven paints,
With cosmic bars of red,
That silent final camp of
The battalion of the dead.

France —Cpl. O. ARTHUR HERTELL

Advice To the Folks Back Home

Give thanks to the valiant Soviet,
But remember the war's not oviet.

On the Futility of Passes

If it catches my whim, it's
A cinch it's off limits.

Day Dreams

One guy I'd love to drop-kick
Is the top kick.

Line-Outfit Blues

I've lugged a 60-mm
For many a damn-km.

GI Emily Post

To eat from a mess kit
You don't need a waistcoat.

Italy —Cpl. SEYMOUR D. SCHNEIDER

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YANK FICTION

"Disgusted Soldier"

By Sgt. GERALD BLANK

FRANCE—A combination of three stimuli stirred Sgt. Jackson to sleepy consciousness—the morning sunlight streaming in through the long windows from which one of his roommates, Pvt. Chester Sloane, had earlier removed their blackout screen; the rattling by Pvt. Bill Kohler, his other roommate, of his mess gear as he returned from breakfast, leaving the door of the room open; the aroma of bacon, sizzling in the kitchen below. Sgt. Jackson stirred, stretched and opened his eyes.

"Uh—Sarge," said Sloane, noticing that he was awake. "Ya still got 15 minutes for breakfast."

Sgt. Jackson yawned. "When are you guys gonna learn to make a little less noise in the morning?" he asked, sitting up on his canvas cot amid the disorder of four khaki blankets and an overcoat, and rumpling his sandy hair. He threw off some of the covering, grumbling but not too displeased. He was hungry and might have missed breakfast if they had let him sleep. Slipping his feet into the fur-lined half-boots his mother had sent him for Christmas, he walked to the window and sniffed appreciatively at the sun-drenched air of the French countryside.

The room was on the fourth floor of a resort hotel situated in a small town surrounded by many farms. The view from the open window embraced gently rolling fields. Sgt. Jackson sighed, thinking of how he had spent the preceding evening, and went into the adjoining bathroom. Brushing his teeth, he wondered idly whether Josette really loved him or was just intrigued by the idea of having an American beau. He could never be quite sure.

He looked in the mirror and noted with satisfaction that the blond mustache he was cultivating seemed to look a little bushier than usual.

"I should have studied French," he said to himself, thinking of Josette again. Despite two years overseas, most of them spent in French North Africa, Sgt. Jackson had only managed to pick up some pidgin phrases. They served well enough for the casual affairs he was accustomed to having, but with Josette things seemed to be different. There were shades of meaning that were becoming rather important now, and neither his French nor Josette's English seemed equal to the demands they were putting upon them.

Sgt. Jackson finished washing and dressing and picked up his mess gear. He paused at the door to survey the room.

"This place looks like a pigsty," he said. "Get it swept up by the time I get back. Oh, and Sloane, make my bed, will you?"

"Okay, Sarge," said Pvt. Sloane.

"Right," said Pvt. Kohler.

Sgt. Jackson walked down the four flights of rather rickety wooden stairs to the kitchen that had been set up in the rear of what had once been the hotel's main dining room. He was served two large flapjacks with syrup and bacon, oatmeal with cream and sugar, prunes, coffee and bread with butter and marmalade.

HALF an hour later Sgt. Jackson emerged from the hotel. It was a fine morning. He decided not to wait for the GI truck that served as a bus, bringing men back and forth to the hotel on the other side of town where they worked. He lit a cigarette and stepped off briskly.

He wore the regular winter uniform—overseas cap with the "U. S." button required to distinguish U. S. from French soldiers, a green water-repellent combat jacket and wool olive-drab trousers tucked into high-laced boots that had been shined to a high luster. He strode along, conscious of a sense of well-being, his breakfast sitting well, his cigarette flavorful, his face still tingling from the fragrant French astringent he had used after shaving.

At the corner he paused as a jeep approached, loaded with three soldiers and a driver.

Sgt. Jackson glanced at the soldiers in the jeep. They wore mud-stained steel helmets and mud-stained overcoats. They looked dirty and uncomfortable and cold. They all needed shaves. But, despite the fatigue written in their faces, they seemed cheerful, even gay. At the sight of Sgt. Jackson they seemed particularly amused.

"It's a tough war," said one of them.

Sgt. Jackson reddened. He thought of going over to speak to the man but decided against it. He continued on to his desination.

Sgt. Jackson worked an eight-hour shift at a desk in a hotel building that had been requisitioned by the headquarters of the unit to which he was assigned. He sorted papers according to a prescribed fashion, kept certain records and occasionally exerted his authority to distribute some of the work among other enlisted men working with him. The work was not trying except during occasional busy periods, but even then he seldom had to work more than eight hours a day. He was given one day off each week.

He had taken basic military training—ages ago, it seemed. But in all the time he had been overseas he had never so much as seen an enemy soldier, except as a captured, disarmed and subdued prisoner of war.

Sgt. Jackson had been promoted because of his steadiness and experience in his work, and he was now paid $78 a month which, with the 20-percent bonus he received for overseas service, came to $93.60. The Government contributed $28 and he $22 toward a $50 check his mother received each month.

As a civilian, working as sales clerk in Schwartz's Haberdashery in the city in upstate New York where he lived, Sgt. Jackson had earned $20 a week. Out of that he had had to pay for his own clothes (although he got a discount at Schwartz's), lunches, carfare, amusements and having his teeth filled.

At noon the truck picked up Sgt. Jackson and brought him and some other men on his shift back to the hotel where they were billeted for lunch. This consisted of frankfurters with sauerkraut, beans, beets, bread and butter, fruit salad and cocoa. After lunch Sgt. Jackson discovered there was a letter from his mother and a copy of his home-town newspaper in the mail. He stuffed them in his pocket and rushed out to climb onto the truck, which was about to leave.

During a lull in the afternoon's work Sgt. Jackson drew out the letter from his mother. She wrote that she hoped he was wearing his heavy underwear because she had read that the winters in France were chilly and damp. She passed on some local gossip and complained about the way prices were rising.

"Every day," she wrote, "things get dearer and dearer. Eggs, butter, milk—the prices go up almost while you watch them. It's bad enough with food but it's worse with clothes. The prices they ask for the things they have. Your sister was saying she might as well have had a cut in salary because her money just doesn't buy what it used to. Sometimes I think she's right."

Sgt. Jackson read her letter through and tucked it away against the time when he would answer it, checking off each paragraph as he wrote some suitable comment on it.

He turned to the newspaper, ripping off the brown paper wrapper and trying, not altogether successfully, to remove the deep creases by folding the paper the opposite way. He skimmed through the news, most of which was quite old by now. He read the comic strips carefully, not smiling once, but with deep interest. He glanced through the sports pages, reading a few paragraphs of each of the columnists.

Then he turned to the columnist whose stint appeared on the first page of the second section. His theme was that labor would surely regret its communist-inspired attempts to dictate political action. The columnist's phrases were bitter, and Sgt. Jackson felt his indignation rising.

The next page was the editorial page, and the title of the lead article there caught Sgt. Jackson's eye. It was "Soldiers of Production—or Traitors?" It was a comment on a dispute in a war plant near town. The editorial denounced the demands of the workers there as outrageous. The workers, through their union leaders, were asking for an increase of a few cents an hour in their pay scale to compensate for "what they are pleased to call 'an increase in the cost of living,'" the editorial declared.

"These union racketeers are not content with jobs far from the fighting fronts. They do not sleep in foxholes, where no one speaks of working hours or pay scales. They go home at night to their wives and families. Many of them are making more money now than they ever did before. But that's not enough. . . ."

SGT. Jackson finished the editorial and made a grim resolve. When his work was finished for the day, he rode in the truck back to the hotel, where he washed up and ate the hot soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes, green peas, salad, chocolate pudding and coffee served for supper. He picked up his daily ration of his favorite brand of American cigarettes, cellophane-wrapped, a bar of chocolate and a stick of chewing gum. Then he put on his hat and coat and walked over to the canteen, a few blocks from his hotel.

There, seated in an easy chair in front of a desk, he chewed on a pencil while ordering the fevered phrases boiling in his brain. The canteen was not very crowded and the library, where he now was, was almost deserted. A hostess was setting out cups and plates for the coffee and doughnuts that would be served later. Magazines in neat stacks lay on tables about the room. From an adjoining room came the click of ping-pong and billiard balls. At the bar men were already beginning to order liter bottles of beer for four francs. He had time before his date with Josette for the evening to write a letter. He was undecided which of the two movies in town he would take Josette to see. She was extremely fond of American movies.

He corralled his wandering thoughts and started writing. He did a rough draft, read it over and made several changes. Then he copied the result onto a V-Mail form. Before folding it, he read it over again. It was addressed to his home-town newspaper, and it started with a reference to the dispute at the local plant.

". . . I am just another soldier," the letter continued. "I have been overseas more than two years, and I would like to know where those union racketeers get the nerve to be asking for a raise at a time like this. It's men like that who make us fellows over here wonder what it is we're fighting for."

There was more. He signed it "Disgusted Soldier," folded it and put it away in his pocket to mail when he got back to the company. He hung around the canteen for a while, watching a billiard game, then left.

He had decided he would take Josette to the *Palais*. The picture might not be as good, but the seats in back were usually unoccupied.

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Joe Savoldi

JOE COMES K

...ttacks George Zaharias with his famous "drop kick" in a match at Los Angeles

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

JUMPING Joe Savoldi is back at his old racket —wrestling. Three or four nights a week he's cutting loose with his famous "drop kick" at places like the Bronx Coliseum in New York, the Arena Gardens in Detroit and the Armory in Charlotte, N. C. Joe was away a long time, and the fans (they still have wrestling fans here) are glad to see him again.

The ex-Notre Dame football star was in Italy as a civilian for 14 months; most of that time on some sort of hush-hush mission for the Office of Strategic Services, which he isn't permitted to talk about even now. Joe, who *parlates Italiano* in seven or eight provincial dialects, was also loaned to Brig. Gen. Immel's Provost Marshal's Office during the investigation of the Naples' black market, working under an old friend, Lt. Col. Mike Mikulak, ex-Chicago Cards fullback.

The rest of the time he trained the Italian Military Guards, the ones with the comic-opera-soldier hats. He taught them judo, wrestling and the kind of roughhouse you have to know to reason with a couple of cognac-loaded GIs.

Savoldi was born in Italy, but he left his native Milano with his folks to come to America at the age of 9. He didn't visit there again until he stopped off on his trip around the globe which started in 1936. Bored with wrestling in Detroit, Charlotte and those other spots, Joe had packed his tights and shoes and, accompanied by his wife, set out to see the world. On his return he banked $10,000 that he had made, over and above expenses, wrestling in Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, Africa and Europe while sightseeing. Which is nice sightseeing if you can get it.

His last trip to Italy, however, satisfied Savoldi's yen for foreign travel. "This country looks pretty good to me now," says Joe. "When I first got home I just lay around home out in Michigan, hunting and fishing, for two months before I started to work out."

LIKE most ex-Notre Damers, Savoldi's favorite conversational subject is the late Knute Rockne. "A lot of us lost a great friend when Rockne crashed in that cornfield," he says. "He had a certain something no other coach ever had.

"The locker room would be buzzing before a game—you know how a locker room sounds—and Rockne would come in, stand at the door, and immediately you could hear a pin drop. He'd walk up and down, leisurely and relaxed. You'd wait for him to say something until you didn't think you could wait a moment longer Then he would start his pre-game fight talk, 'Men, we're playing a team today . . .'

"And after he had finished his fight talk he'd walk up and down for a while, then come to a halt and point a finger at Frank Carideo and say, 'Carideo, you're at quarterback.' And he'd go down through the whole line-up. You'd be almost sick by the time he got to your name, worrying whether you were going to start or not."

Savoldi, who played under Rockne in 1928, 1929 and 1930, shakes his head when you mention the legend about his being a great running back who couldn't remember the signals. "That story, the one about my having trouble with the signals and having them on a piece of tape on my pants," he says, "started after the Georgia Tech game in 1928, when I was a sophomore.

"I had played on a small high school team at Three Oaks, Mich., not far from South Bend. Part of the time we didn't even have a regular coach and we just played neighboring high schools. We didn't have any complicated plays, we just ran with the ball. I was slated to go to Michigan, but a guy who was writing sports in South Bend talked me into going to Notre Dame.

"I hadn't played much as a sophomore and didn't expect to play in the big games at all. But just before the Tech game we lost Moon Mullins, our regular fullback, when he hurt his ankle. Fred Collins, the second-string fullback, had been hurt in the Army game. O'Day, our third string fullback, also was out with an injury. Rock asked me how much I knew about the plays, and I told him I knew them. But I couldn't fool him.

"He worked on me all week before the Georgia Tech game, but I really didn't know the signals and they put them on a piece of tape and I put it on my pants.

"Before the game Rock told me that if the ball came down to me on the kick-off and I couldn't get it without too much difficulty to let it roll over the goal line, because we would then get it out on the 20. But I had visions of running the ball back for a touchdown on the kick-off, and I had my mind made up that if it was anywhere near me I was going to grab it. They kicked off and I had to run back of the goal line and catch it over my shoulder. When I turned around the team was up the field forming a wedge. I was all alone. The shock of seeing them so far away froze me and I couldn't move. When I finally got going and raced for the sidelines the whole Tech team hit me. That's all I remember. It was the first and last game I played as a regular that year."

Savoldi was a regular, however, on Rockne's last two undefeated and untied teams, the 1929 and 1930 clubs. "They were two different types of clubs," he says. "The 1929 team was a better defensive team; the 1930 was better offensively."

Savoldi's last game for Notre Dame was against Pennsylvania at Philadelphia in 1930. While Joe was in Philadelphia his first wife started divorce proceedings against him and he was forced to withdraw from school.

"Rock knew about my troubles," says Joe. "He tried to get her to postpone the divorce until after the season. Somebody talked her into filing it while we were away."

The Pennsylvania game was the one in which Marty Brill had such a big day against his old teammates, scoring five touchdowns. "Lud Wray, who was coaching Penn then, didn't think so much of Marty as a football player," Savoldi recalls. "So Marty transferred to Notre Dame and became one of the greatest blocking backs of all time under Rockne. Knowing how Marty felt, Rockne let him carry the ball that day.

"He was great, a hard runner and a great blocker. We had plays that we could shift around and that's what we did that day in Philadelphia. All year Brill had been a blocker. The Penn scouts reported to Wray that he wouldn't have to worry about Marty's carrying the ball. Three or four guys were hitting Schwartz and me, but Marty was running for touchdowns.

"I know Marty was a great defensive back. He backed up the left side of the line and I backed up the right. I was weak against forward passes and I knew it. I'd wait for that end to break out of the line and tip me off to a pass before I came up to meet the play. If it hadn't been for Marty they would have gained two or three yards on every play on my side, but he covered his own side and mine too."

SAVOLDI still has a vivid recollection of how Rockne kept his stars from getting too cocky. "Against Southern Methodist," he says, "we were trailing by one point, 14-13, or something like that. On one kick-off I kicked the ball around on the ground in front of me. But I finally picked up the ball and ran the length of the field for a touchdown. I felt pretty good about it until the next Monday in the library where Rockne held his football lectures. He started off his talk that day by saying, 'There's a certain fullback on the team who thinks he's an All-American, but he's not. Savoldi, you really kicked that ball around on the kick-off.' When he was finished I felt like a bum, not an All-American."

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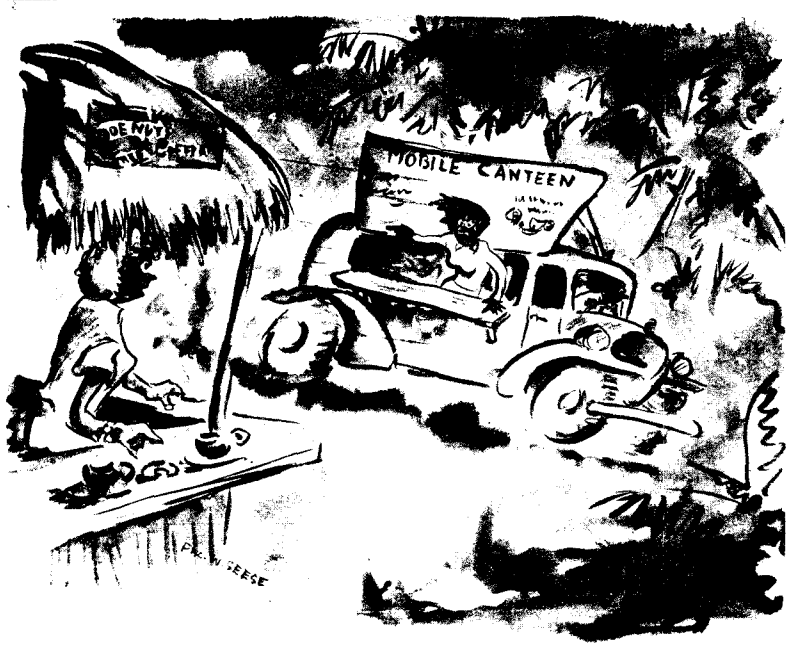
"HE'S NOT MUCH GOOD, BUT HE RATTLES THE OTHER PITCHER."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson



"MARINES!"
—Pfc. W. Seese

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"IT'S THE APARTMENT BELOW. THEY WANT TO KNOW IS ALL THIS NOISE NECESSARY?"
—T/Sgt. Frank Borth

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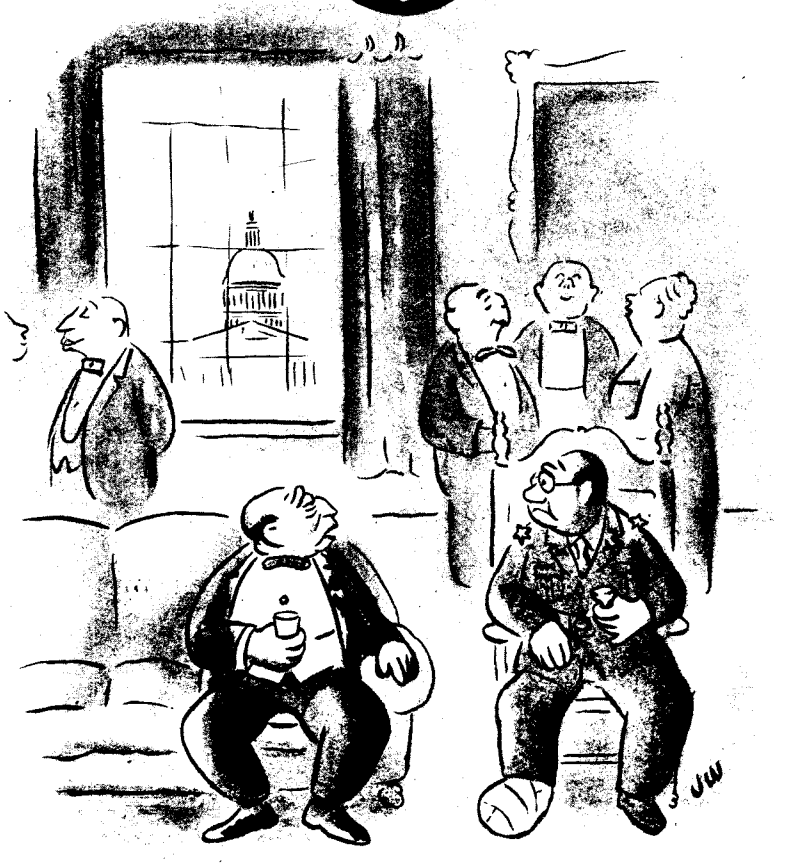

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